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# Philopolis



# San Francisco's Modern Grocery

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Fine  
Groceries

Table  
Delicacies

Delicious  
Candies

Homemade  
Cakes



Selected  
Teas  
and  
Coffees

Choice  
Wines

Liquors  
Cigars

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## L. D. McLean Co'y

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Philopolis

Volume Four

N<sup>o</sup> 24.



# Philopolis

Volume Four

A Monthly Magazine  
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San Francisco, California

1910

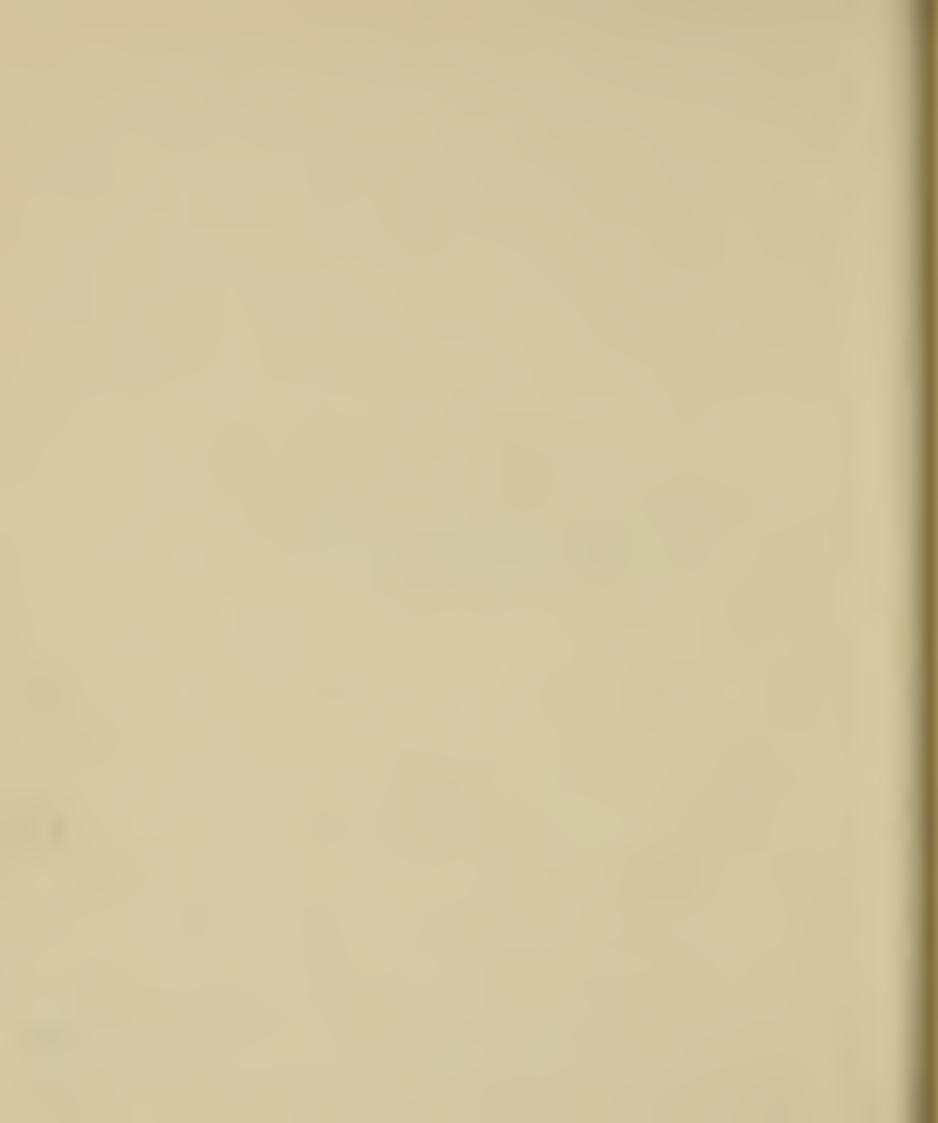


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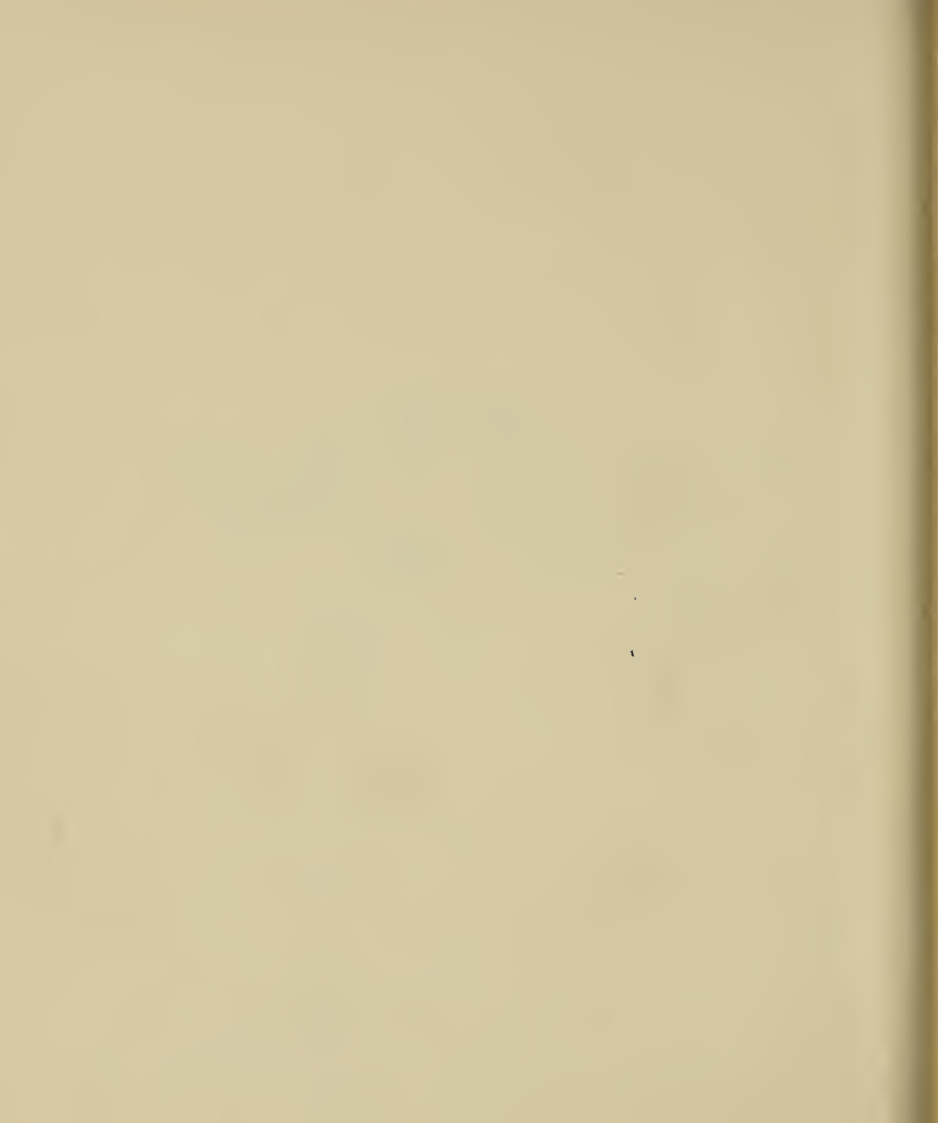




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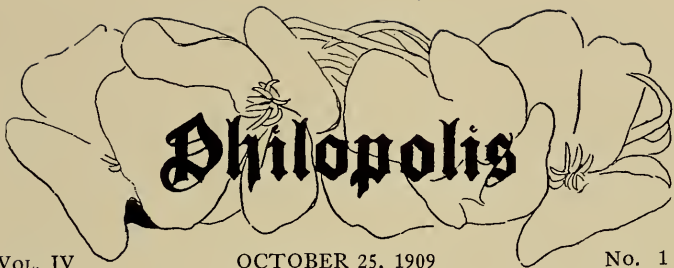
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**I** should like to be honest with you, without our falling out; but it will not do. You act wrongly, and fall between two stools; you win no adherents and lose your friends. What is to be the end of it?

— Goethe



"Beauty and the Beast"



## Beauty and the Beast



OUR President has a quaint humor. Many before him have asked: "How is it that some do so much within the noise around?" The query is an old one. True originality is getting more out of something than some would expect. And it comes thus that all of man's true executive and productive genius labors and begets within a noise. For one to bring the public quite what is expected is but a small compliment. And yet, in view of the turbulency of the reception of things "foreign" to the expected, it might be felt in some quarters, that man's genius for doing the unusually efficient in executive business affairs and in art are calculated insults to the



world around. That the world does not smother its exceptional talents forthwith, is because the "common sense" of man is akin to man's genius for better. The noise around is from what Gautier has so aptly called non-constructive criticism. That San Francisco has been rebuilt amidst much clatter from such, there is no doubt; still the feat was not unusual. There was nothing of originality either in the noise, or the operations in general. All the unexpected, all the originality springs here, as everywhere, from particular persons. The phenomenon of the rebuilt city is marvelous indeed—considering the time consumed—and the noise proceeding from "Much Ado About Nothing." But the great wonder is that so few individuals could do so much in the face of the opposition of so many.

**O**UT of mine own fancy the gentler arts have always been pictured as standing between man's rough usages and his intellectual being. Plutarch thought but little of these; but that springs from the slight taint of vanity that comes of some philosophies. Of what avail is killing rats, and tripping coxcombs, and begetting an extended waistband, or





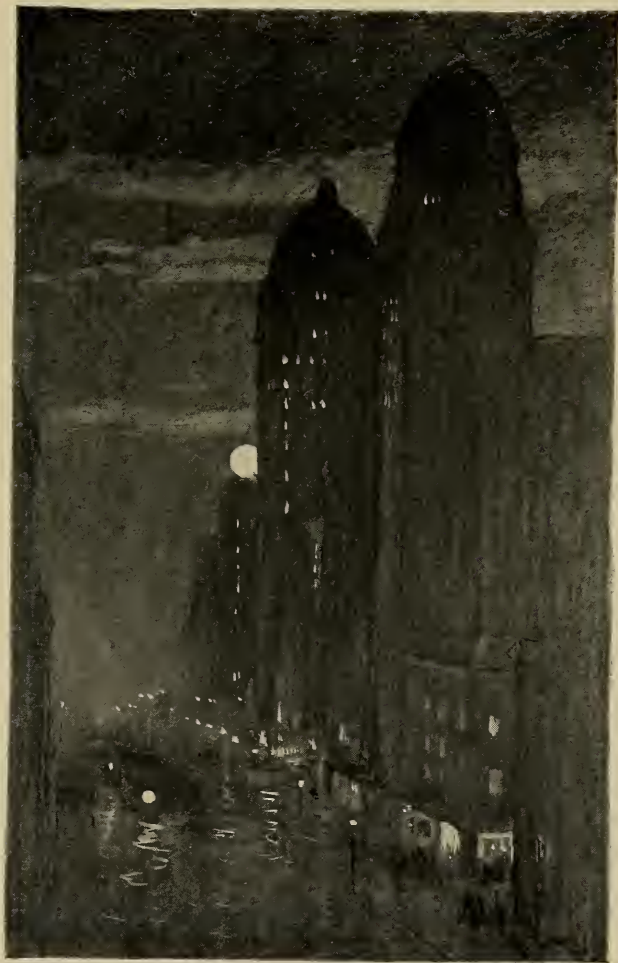
absorbing much learning about things around, if man's setting is not pretty to the eye, if the sounds around are not sweet to the ear. Far better that the Prince should pipe and paint — even badly — than spout and strut and murder innocence in a neighboring province, for the glory of it.

There is little in the thinking. Any ape may smother his senses in contemplation to oblivion of a marching crowd. And for this, the shoemaker often comes truer in philosophy than thoughtful idleness. Hand and mind travel in company, or nothing comes but rats and coxcombs. Still hand and mind together often bring ill. Quoth the king's counsellor to the king: "There are as many as twenty and five thieves hung on London's gibbets every morning: and yet there is no end; it would seem there is no end to the number of thieves in the land." "Sure," returned the king's jester, "maybe you have missed hanging the right ones." The king chided the jester, and the counsellor frowned.

There are two fallacies grown out of idleness in thought. Yet we think much of them. One is, that much learning about many small things and little skill in exercise in any one, getteth wisdom. And the other



is that all men work for the pleasures, indulgences and common recompenses the next fellow has ready in hand. Of course reciprocity makes good fellowship. But such inter-trading is seldom an exchange over any other visible recompense than Ruskin's problematical glass of wine and an onion. The Divine Providence has given us appreciative personalities as well as executive ones. Here you have accumulative instinct, there the maker ; here you have the minister, there the flock. Social organism is but the inter-action of these — much elaborated and specified — much particularized and then generalized. We wander in and about this labyrinth of weavings quite unconscious of the part and responsibilities we play in the game. One brushes rudely against the master in the street in haste, but quite unconscious of his own servitude. Any coxcomb might, with us, sit in a high place and play the game for another and in oblivion of it. Such is the intricacies of the play that the wise only play it well, and as decently as may be under common rule. Therefore it comes to pass that it is not, after all, a question of system, but of personality. It is not a question of office, but who sits in it. It is not a question of education, but of intelligence. So it is rather



"The effect of energy, persistency and design"



absurd to suppose that an ordinance and a problematic personage together are enough to control the active — creative and destructive — genius of humanity, as it shows itself in a social organism. Still one might believe some thought these together were quite sufficient for all exigencies. But it is all too evident that even the ordinarily well conditioned “man of business” is virtually a helpless instrument in the administration of our tremendous system. And I misdoubt very much if he can say with Augustus, at the last moment : “Have I not played out my farce very well?” Such grim wit belongs only to those who have the happiness of the fullness of accomplishment. To see a joke on self and love it, is akin to godliness. I fear me we have few true jokers. The most are of the practical joking crowd. To be sincere and yet not so serious is a gift. Once upon a time two artists, one literary and the other a painter, wrote criticisms of an exhibition, which appeared simultaneously. The writer blamed what the painter praised, and the writer got quite warm about it. Exclaimed he : “Is there no restraint on the daubing crew as there is on a scribbling gang?” The painter laughed : “Quite so, friend,” and the writer never saw the wit of it.



To be sincere and not too serious, to play the game as decently as possible under the general rules, to bring to the market the unexpected, and such is genius of man.

**P**ICTURE and word have chased one another ever. But word and picture are, often in the chase, sadly misplaced. That to be spoken only has been pictured, and the reverse. So mystic ejaculations in speech enters the ear while the eye is greeted by pictured monstrosities. And if, in the muddle of it, "common sense" reverts to speech of most pedantic form — without simile or metaphor — and makes its pictures copies of the literalness and littleness around, we are to lay the blame nowhere but at the feet of "non-constructive criticism." It may have been the business of the nineteenth century to destroy false "syntheses," but I fear me that the smothering of them were poorly done. For the "super-criticism is the most marvelous rattle of words ever." It takes, perhaps, "a poet's vision to discover the fundamental note of super-criticism's dazzling chromatic scale — these dreams of symphonies in wordy landscape, with the hard glitter of glass in moonlight." But poet never



had a vision like the preceding abbreviations of the rattle. Fundamentally it brings, as symbols of speech, a world of pictures of astigmatic vision. No one should ever write a book about egoists, and neglect to introduce one autobiography in the collection. Some always mistake irony for cynicism, originality and skill together as egotism, and something they do not comprehend as an insult. There are those also who mistake presumption for a synthesis preceded by analysis. True pictures are never to be translated into words; but there is always a chance that one may understand better by trying.

Now San Francisco, as reconstructed, is a picture, a symbol—an effect. Money is so much dead material, and labor pain. So the phenomenon — San Francisco — fundamentally, is neither caused by money nor labor, but by the active genius of man. It is the phenomenon of persistency, energy and design; and we are not all of us responsible for all of it — there is much happiness in that. And there is also much happiness in the fact that San Francisco is the unexpected to super-critical and pedagogic perceptions and conceptions. And this is why I see in the President a bit of a wag when he suggests it was done in spite of some of us.





HE most insignificant man can be complete if he works within his capacity, innate or acquired. But even fine talents can be obscured, and destroyed by lack of this indispensable requirement of symmetry. This is the mischief of modern times; for who will be able to come up to the claims of an age so intense as this, that moves so rapidly." "As little as you can stifle the steam engine, so little can you do this in the moral sphere either." "And well it is for him who is sufficiently balanced to make no claims on the world out of all proportion to his position, nor yet let the world determine it."

"From this time forward if a man does not apply himself to some art or handiwork, he will be in a bad way. In the rapid changes of the world, knowledge is no longer a furtherance. By the time a man has taken note of everything, he has lost himself."

"It is very rare indeed to find pure and steady activity in the accomplishment of what is good and right. We usually see pedantry trying to keep back and notorious temerity shoving forward." But, "The most foolish



of all error is for clever young men to believe that they forfeit their originality in recognizing a truth which has already been recognized by others."

"Children's lives are a series of refined judgments, prejudices, if you will ; to bear this in mind is one of the teacher's duties."



NE of our "educational authorities" is responsible for this general statement: "The prime object of education is to develop the power of appreciation in the child."

And another says: "Every child should be required to draw many objects ; but he should not be allowed to confine himself to the one art (painting) ; he should be carried into the larger field of design, architecture and sculpture—poetry, the drama, and literature." Poor child ! thy head to hold so much of the littleness around.

Between master and child there is but experience. I have known children to draw with all the verve and grace of the master—to a certain point. And, some





"Going somewhere to seek adventure"



few hours per week spent, during a period of sixteen years in instructing youth, has taught me that the best one can do is to prevent slovenly habits of work and smother the (self) appreciation of youth surreptitiously acquired in and out of public school doors. Such is the universality of the school house today that we never know where youth gathers his follies and originality.

**G**OING somewhere to seek adventure in the land of many things unknown."

The Indian to the north writes thus to the friend, and leaves his message drawn in curiously devised symbols, truly speaking, but pictures of familiar objects interspersed with strange devices. The latter are abstraction not to be translated into the objects around. There is small matter to wonder at that the Egyptian learned a little drawing in school. If he would write a love letter, or one of mischief to his enemy, drawing was a necessity. Japanese written (drawn) symbols still retain much of this "nature copying," but the invention of our alphabet broke the inter-action of word and picture, in the visible. Still "art criticism" is saturated with this primitive conception. That the fine art of

# Phalopolis

painting is now so much the "sport" of drawing and coloring that it is become a distinct species, all "criticism" misses. So in or out of art school, in or out of studio, "Truth in Art" means the primitive conception—the indigenous or aboriginal limitation of begetting pictures.



THE last, of the last, being so, I would like to call attention to the fact that all below the drawing of the letter A is drawing of the all up to this symbol. Artists teach all the art above it to self only—for particular reasons not quite known to themselves. All below the letter A is common and teachable, and every man has need of it. Mind, this limited kind of drawing and coloring is neither indigenous or original to California. Artists do not learn to draw color and design by drawing a host of things; but by studying one thing and making many attempts. Succeeding here they begin to educate outwards, and some generalize much. For, skill in the one brings skill in all—after a little extra trouble. So we say that a man who knows but one thing, or art, knows nothing of any. Still, super-pedagogy and super-criticism think they can reverse the order of it. Can't be done! For every child



and man, like pictures, is a symbol. Each stands for just so much of experience, judgment and talent — whether they will or no. And none of them are to be judged off hand, even by the most astute.



ALL the world is become a great schoolhouse, with a collection of little ones under its waistband, so to speak. The inter-action among them is seldom perceived. So the little ones proceed, each in its way, to compass the universe in the old pedantic fashion. The "new" is closed in with the "old." Specialization, particularization, liberalization, and generalization are all gathered in. And we get the modern university, where infant class drawing of antiquated conception rubs noses with classic philosophy. To suppose for a moment that any but the hardiest — intellectually and otherwise — are able, inside of sixty years of life, to model such into a symmetrical form, is to suppose the impossible. However, as true talent is naturally truly selective, this species would elect and select and reject — pursuing its



way through the conglomerate mass regardless, as a painter would voyage through an art school and nature, taking what he had use for and forgetting that which did not interest him. Therefore if wrong comes, as some say it does, it all comes to those who might be benefitted by a more concise and constructive system of pedagogic and critical operations than those in vogue. They would supply a rational perception and conception where it is, according to their estimate of the human kind, needed very much. As it is they seem—according to their declarations—to be carrying coals to Newcastle and passing empty markets by. For it is all too true that the child who draws with the verve and grace of the master, up to a given point, disregards common school systems. It is only when he comes against the master that he yields his primitive impulse for something he recognizes impulsively as far better. Still I have seen such children's drawings exhibited as the work of the system. But they were not. I wonder how much else the systems claim which at the end—in the ultimate analysis—proves itself to belong to child and master only.



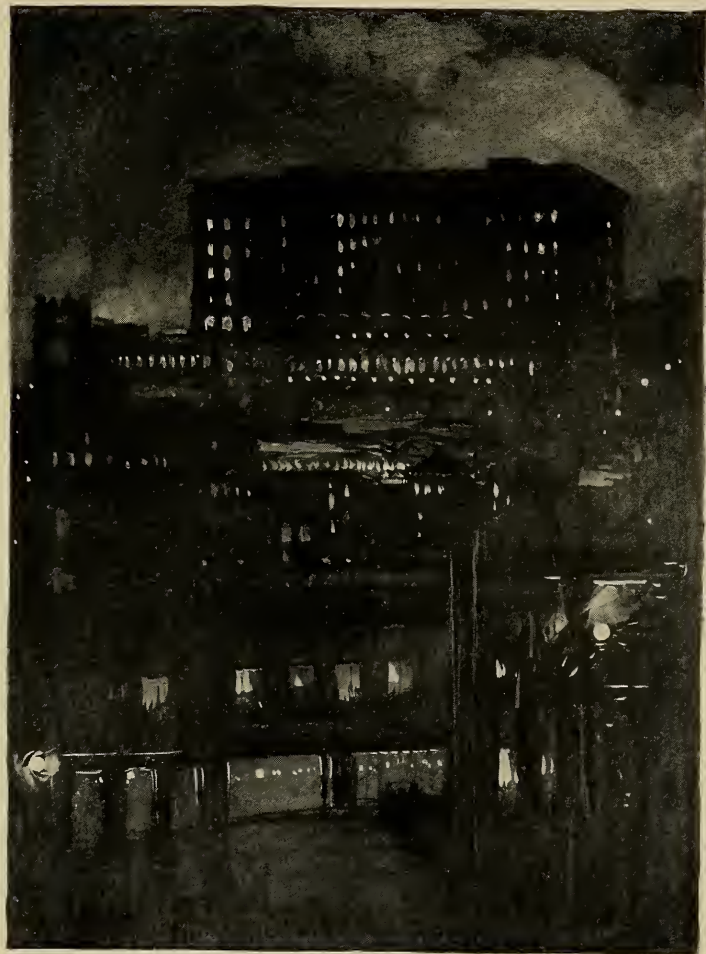


# Philopolis



NE may suppose rebuilt San Francisco reacts upon some quite as Yosemite Valley acts as a stop-gap to mediocre comment. This huge hole in the ground makes a dizziness in the head. Now San Francisco described in tons of materials and millions of dollars brings faintness to faint heart. And if one has the impression that the operation might have been performed with less of confusion and in a prettier manner, he feels constrained—obliged to put the adverse criticism in such reserved and classic speech that it does not count, but is absorbed in the pæans of empiricism. Congratulating oneself that no worse happened, and taking the empiric attitude, "There never was such another feat," are quite different. And if the latter pose is repeated too frequently, it might occur to some to say: "Well, why make so much noise about it? There are quite enough of a kind of omissions and commissions in the ensemble to check overmuch hilarity."

However, from a personal point of view, "I see no fault I could not have committed myself." So the wicked-



"The phenomenon is marvellous indeed"



ness in some operations does not trouble me deeply. And for this the better gives larger satisfaction.

Now it would be sad indeed if our educational systems were all that super-pedagogy claimed, or if they were full fledged super-pedagogic institutions. True, much of them are ornamental, superficial, and over-appreciative: still the schools have teachers in them who know, and regret. So, why worry! Our schools are very youthful. It takes time to bring youth into such symmetry that callow comment is over-awed, so to say. You know it took time to change "can't" into marveling over "the accomplished" in San Francisco. It will take a long time before some understand that this city would not appear well as a little Paris. And it will take some others much longer before they see the difference between a right "civic center" and a wrong one. Others will be much longer in comprehending that the Old City Hall was a bad investment, and it were better to get rid of it. And some others will exist an age before they disentangle stupid operations from practical ones. To these, well appearing matters will always, maybe, look insane, violent and extravagant. But it is not the business of criticism to re-order or educate such to better.






The operation is too painful and promises no remuneration. Neither is it the business of criticism to analyze men and works of exceptional worth, that others may understand them. For in the first instance undue prominence is given to uselessness, and in the second the crude mechanisms only are given prominence. In truth, criticism, as it is writ, should never descend to the level of casual, impulsive and prejudiced conversational comment, or it loses its persuasive tone. Neither should it slop over. For fulsome flattery and over blame are both inefficient. In other words, criticism overreaches itself whenever it strives to exhibit or restrain either beauty or the beast. Neither can or may be helped, and in attempting it so, the writer misses his great chance in life of persuading all that chances between these extremes, from lining up on the wrong side.

Once upon a time all these things worried me: but it has come to pass that it is a comfort to see vain activity working out its own mess and remaining in it as if there were no other way. And I do not dwell upon such matters with any idea that either the devils or the angels are affected; but with the hope that those who are neither devil nor angel may come to the conclusion that



there is a halfway "common sense" position the "average man" may take without embroiling himself with either — angel or devil. And what is this halfway place? I would say it is the willingness to let something stand in the light of its own imagery and not insisting upon some other kind of illumination. Or, the good habit of not substituting pills and quacks for the doctor's medicine and advice, and not belaboring the good doctor for one's own dullness.

N this "great scientific and mechanical contrivance age" there is perhaps more artistic pretence than would be allowable in any other. And yet it has not dawned upon the average mind that all fine skill (art) is mostly unconscious effort. The artist usually lays hold of the thing nearest at hand and makes the most of it — at no extra expense. Our late City Hall and the building called "The San Francisco Institute of Art" are worthless and ugly not because the money was not at hand, but because each was "designed" far away from any respect for fine skill — in disrespect of fine skill, one might say. Where the master teaches his pupil very



largely by example, it behooves an "Art Institution to illustrate the Arts" by beautiful deeds in art. In a community which pretends to instruct all its youth in art in its schoolhouse, it behooves such to build public buildings builded in fine skill rather than squandering monies in obese and extravagant cheapness. And what a world of chance there is, even from a purely scientific and mechanical point of view, to launch forth in violent criticism at both these affairs. But what's the use. Would you believe the average man so dense as not to see it all? Then, both might have been worse. Either might have been in the "Mission Moorish" style of art. There is a sort of pseudo-classic flavor in each that just saves them from—the too bad. And this reminds me: Goethe, whom I have quoted in and out of place, tells us: "Productions are now possible which, without being bad, have no value, they have no value because they contain nothing; and they are not bad because a general form of good workmanship is present to the author's eye. Again, "If an artist grasps (the) Nature (of his art) aright, and contrives to give its forms nobler, and freer grace, no one will understand the source of his inspirations, and every one will swear that he has taken it from



the antique." So we should understand "modern art, and California art" in particular, when mentioned as such, to be commonplace, and not bad, because—. Therefore such that is spoken of as, "The might-be foreign," and antique are good because—. San Francisco's great fortune is that it is built mostly under "foreign influence"—is not aboriginal—or original with a vengeance.



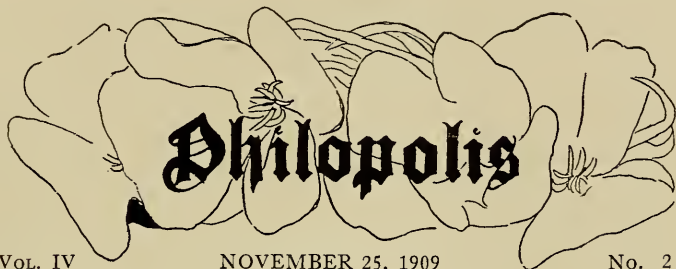
If a clever man commits  
a folly, it is not a  
small one.

— Goethe



Philopolis, 1909





## In and Out of Tune

**I**T was a success — a victory indeed. And as we tip-toed to get a better view of the long, sinuous line of the Chinese section in the pageant on that lovely California October eve — the last of "San Francisco's Fete" — Market street seemed to have been metamorphosed, become, on the moment, the chief avenue of the garden of the "heathen gods." Even the ordinarily banging gongs took to themselves an unusual sonorous tone; shrill Chinese pipes rippled and trilled very like the magic lute. I don't know whether some aggressive person "sniffed" and exclaimed "outlandish!" If one did, the sniff and exclamation were drowned in the deep murmur of satisfaction and approval of the multitude.



And now, 'twould be not strange at all if the habitual scoffer at art and beauty were to sally forth and "do Market street" in choice dress, and hang real heathenish paintings on his walls, in the fond belief that he had suddenly gathered to self all the art and beauty of the universe. If empiricism should scream, "there never was such another," none need be surprised. However, it was beautifully done : and there has been many more quite like it — in China. So, insomuch as I am concerned, there is no intention of "kow towing" to the great Chinese Josh. I merely regret that the Occidental workshop has lost the art. But this is not new either. All the novelty in the scene and pageantry existed in the juxtaposition of the shoddy side of "our progress" with an art as ancient as —, I wonder ! Chinese craftsmen have known the "trick" of the whole gamut of color from mysterious gray to luscious orange and purple, ever since — I wonder if it is one, two, or three thousand years ago. They have known all of good craftsmanship so long that they are used to it, and take it — or rather, did take it as a matter of course until they saw themselves in line with Occidental shoddiness. And now they of the Oriental quarter are congratulating them-



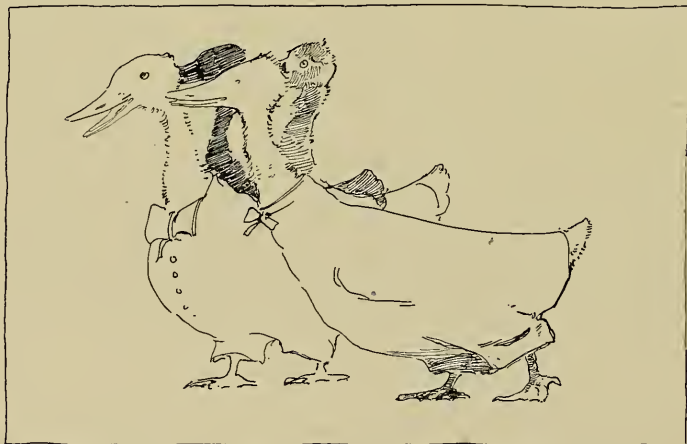


selves on the success — nay, victory of the dragon procession in that other affair, on the eve of Saturday — the last of "San Francisco's Fete" to convalescence.

Now, if we were to follow the maxim, concept, or precept of Lessing, which seems to form the base of the most of "our Occidental" appreciative efforts, that long, sinuous, silvery-grey line of Oriental pageantry — flashing in spots with vivid sea green, blood red, and gold — would be torn to bits and shreds. We would leave none of it. We would wipe it in the dust, hold it up to contempt as insane, impossible, the work of foreign yellow devils, the cause of "China's immorality, backwardness and heathenism." All this we would do, and more; we would apologize in moderate speech for the eschscholtzia float, and the last spike, and the cornucopia, for "mediocrity" (the persistently insufficient) "should be handled with politeness." But I do not propose to follow Lessing. Patriotic, indigenous, and limited artistic concepts have their own worshippers and philanderers. When these last things came into the line of vision, we fled — to get a second view of the Chinese. On the whole San Francisco's Fete was a success, and we do not blame the executive committee for being a little over-

# Phuketopolis

exuberant about it. Both the climate and the people of California usually respond to a call to play. And we know of no better time to play than after a work well done. And with this in view there seems no occasion for repeating the Fete of October nineteen hundred and nine. Again, the weather, the enthusiasm of the people, and the Orientals may not come together again in happy collusion. The great dragon might bite next time; and Chinese art become a "yellow peril" to the bill poster's arts, and a menace to our industrialisms, our morality, our liberty and our appreciative genius. Or, as suggested, "Chinese Art" might become an "indigenous" fad.





SANDHI : PEACE

## The Geese and Turtle

HITOPADESA

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HERE is a pond in Magadhadesa called Phullot-pala, and in it lived two geese whose names were Sankata and Vikata. They had a friend called Kambugriva, a turtle, who lived close by. One day some fishermen came to the pond and said : "We will stay the night here, and as soon as it is morning we will catch the fish and the turtles and whatever else there is in this pond." The Turtle heard what the fishermen had said, so he went and told his friends the Geese, and asked them what he had better do. They replied : "Time enough to think about that when this disaster has happened." "Not at all," answered the Turtle : "I don't agree with you ; prevention is better than cure."



The Geese said :

**I**N the north there is a mountain called Gridmakuta, and under it, on the banks of the Reva, some cranes lived in a fig tree. At the foot of the same tree was the hole of a serpent, and the serpent used to devour the young cranes. An old bird, who heard the cranes lamenting this disaster, said : "I will tell you what to do. Get some fish, and lay them in a line from the serpent's hole to the hole of the weasel. The weasel will eat the fish ; he will in consequence be led to the hole where the serpent lives. Between these two there is a deadly enmity, and the end of it will be that the serpent will be killed by the weasel."

The old crane did as she was advised, and the anticipated result followed. But the weasel, after having killed the serpent, heard the young cranes chirping in the tree, so he ate them up too. Therefore I say : A wise man in every scheme always looks for possible failure.

When the Geese had finished their story they continued : "While we are carrying you along hanging by your mouth to the stick, people are sure to make some



"it was a success — nay! a victory indeed "



remarks. If you open your mouth to answer them, you will fall from the stick, and there will be an end of you. Therefore we think you had better stop here." "You must think me a fool," exclaimed the Turtle, with some wrath; "I will not utter a word." "Very good," replied the Geese. "So be it then!" and they proceeded to execute the plan. They had not got far on their journey when some herdsmen saw the Turtle being borne along in the air by the Geese. The herdsmen rushed in pursuit calling out: "Hullo! here is a funny thing! A turtle being carried along by two geese." Said one of the herdsmen: "He is sure to tumble down before long. When he does, we will take him home and cook him." "No," said the second, "we will cook him and eat him here." The third man agreed with neither, but said: "Let us cook him and eat him near the pond."

The Turtle, hearing himself disposed of in this off-hand way, could not restrain his wrath any longer, but shouted out: "You villians! you shall eat ashes!" No sooner had he opened his mouth than he fell from the stick, and the herdsmen killed him and ate him. Therefore I say: He who takes no advice of friends who wish him well, will perish like the foolish turtle.



## San Francisco Architectural Club Exhibition

**T**HEY said : "The steel framed building is illogic ; and the skyscraper doomed to everlasting ugliness and the unprofitable." But, like most prophecies, this one proved astigmatic and empiric. Pushing aside the question of advertisement, no doubt the twenty to forty storied commercial house does not pay. Again, if architectural beauty and character rests wholly upon academic precedent, the building over eight stories is an impossibility. But, as the tale reads today, neither the question of direct profit, nor academicism, prevailed. So the steel bound tower as a factor in commercial business, and as an artistic problem is. It is a direct challenge to the arts, and none may play with it.

In a building of under five stories, the window openings in a wall are not embarrassments — quite the con-





trary; they are accepted as a means of relieving the bulk of it, and as so many opportunities for decorative framing. Go beyond eight or ten stories, and windows become just so many troubles to a designer. And, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, no designer has as yet quite solved the riddle of these myriads of little oblong holes in a steel-bound commercial tower.

Among the first built is one in Chicago—a building that spreads a little at the base, then shoots upward some twelve stories to be capped with a strong curve (cove) outward, where the cornice is usually placed. There is no reason why this same perfectly natural and legitimate architectural design should not, in the hands of another architect, be developed in full richness of detail, without foolery, or disturbance to its essential simplicity. However, it stands almost alone in the history of the “skyscraper.” And so little has the lesson in it been heeded that Chicago’s new Custom House (or Post Office) stands as a ridiculous effort to squeeze some eight or twelve stories within a “Græco-Roman Modern” Corinthian order. Mind, this is not the whole story. Our Mills Building is a move in another direction; the Balboa is another, the First National Bank another, and





Chinese procession passing Mission Dolores



the Crocker-Woolworth, Metropolis and Nevada Banks are others. The Alaska Commercial Building comes nearer in general outline to the simple Chicago affair mentioned. It would appear in strict criticism that the Balboa Building is developed in the most rational way ; and from a personal point of view—the logical side being given due importance—the Mills Building is the nearest to a satisfactory architectural result. I have always understood that this latter pile and the Court of Honor of the Chicago World's Fair, were designed by Mr. Root, of Burnham & Root—the various buildings surrounding the last being allotted to other architects. Mr. Root, I believe, was trained principally in the French schools ; but his training, seemingly, only served to check exuberant inventiveness—his independence of the formulas of his school being marked. In other words, he was neither marked by crudeness nor with an over-cult in mere scholarship. And it is a pity that he died during the construction of his great masterpiece ; for it would have been an interesting study to have followed him in the development of architectural work in America—he being one of the first to treat the “skyscraper” as an entity, and not something to cut horizontally into several independent affairs.



NOW, an architect's work should be treated quite as that of the painter and sculptor — with this question in addition: "How much of a client's tastes and interferences exist in any given work in architecture?"

Each of these professions has behind it centuries of practice and experiment. And each in a way has engendered a species of irregular, irresponsible comment, born of no better substance than imperfect knowledge and self-will. And none perhaps is more involved in the petty follies and interferences of such than the profession of the architect. So we never know whether an architect has a free will in his work; we never know whether "his blunders" are his or his clients, or some irresponsibles'. In quasi-public and public work the irresponsibles are the larger element in blundering. So, take it all in all, the architect is, truly speaking, not a proper target for public criticism, else he lends himself to an unmistakable *tour de force* among monstrous things, or an exceptional piece of public extravagance and folly. Again, technical requirements for a justified criticism of him, personally, are too much. Therefore, if his works are approached, or reproached, by empiric



methods, nothing but personal offence is the result — a vapid residue, surely. Consequently, none would expect one who has had some years of experience in the profession — its throes and tribulations — to enter an Architectural Show with the intention of shooting right and left at every master's head, like some youngster just out of the university. So you are to expect me to take the San Francisco Architectural Club Exhibition as a whole, handling it in detail, rather gingerly, as if it were gun cotton.

It is nicely and comfortably arranged, with the exception that the works of individual exhibitors are scattered to the four dozen corners. If it is the intention to represent the architects faithfully, this scattering of individual exhibits makes the intention negative. So there are twice too many drawings and photographs, there being no heed to the necessity for concentration. Again, the pretentious side of architectural draughtsmanship (now called rendering, I believe) is put forward too much. If it is desired that "laymen" in general shall be led into the habit of considering the possibilities of good, simple, architectural design, it is surely folly to bury the simple direct way in a rather doubtful landscape picture.



Two hearts that beat as one



Pardon me, but my first impression was that I was in an exhibition of photographs and rather thin water-color sketches. So two visits were necessary before the real architectural end became in evidence. And now it is inferred that the "Year Book" (catalogue) appears far more of vital architectural interest than the exhibition. However, all this is perhaps only my personal equation. People in general may be affected somewhat differently; and as this article is not written with the intention of instructing architects, but rather with the idea of putting some matters forward contrary to the usual, I will add that although there might be some merit in the idea of creating a movement for a (new) characteristic architecture in California, there is small chance of happy consummation of the idea in the concrete, else architects base their designs upon structural skeletons—and proceed thusly to disabuse the public of the idea that architecture is a trick in sketching and ornamentation. What we call style in architecture (and art in general) is structural, and the result of a condition. An art differentiates into "styles" through conditions and environment. There are modern exceptions to this rule; but it is doubtful if true, vital styles have come of these gar-



dening efforts in art. The whole controversy over the so-called L'Ecole des Beaux Arts influence in architecture resolves itself in strict criticism to the simple proposition: "Is it an applied cult, or a natural growth; is it applicable and natural to American conditions and character?" We are always to remember that this phase of "modern art" is only one outside influence among many with us. And we are also to remember that there are innumerable systems of construction in vogue among us, and that buildings of architectural pretense range between State Capitols and residences, and between one story libraries and fifty story life insurance offices. Therefore there are myriads of purposes and individuals to bring together in common trend before any positive direct action would count. And, this being so, I fancy the art question will work its way out, in any national flavor, in the ordinary evolutionary fashion — without any one's assistance in particular — very like politics, and economics, and finance,

In the meantime it behooves architects and artists in general to labor without much regard for popular or empiric applause. If an artist can not consent to this practice — well, the next thing is to do the *pot-boiler* in





the fashion and become a real "original." Between a choice of L'Ecole des Beaux Arts and Mission Moorish there is but one,—for an artist. I need not tell you which I mean. That would be superfluous!

There is a secondary style which springs from the individual consciousness, but in either generalizations, or localizations, of style (in the common sense) this phase is not to be accounted with; as the stylist can neither account for, nor transmit this strictly individual quality—although those coming in contact with him often reflect a certain flavor of it. The point striven for here is that a national or local art (architecture or otherwise) would come as an unconscious development—it would come as an accident of conditions or environment, where the artist operates as the agent. And if we were not quite content to have it come so, a conscious, direct effort to affect the result would perhaps end in some dreadful artistic disaster; else there were worlds of mastery behind such effort. Mind, I do not use the term "agent" in relation to artistic practice, in the sense of a poor fool, or tool; but as a keen, capable instrument. Merely because some have neither the mind nor the intention of comprehending this instrument,





has nothing to do with questions involved in the arts.

As said, we are never to know where the stylist gets his particular talent ; nor are we to know the exact derivation of any style in architecture. Neither are we to know the precise reasons for the differentiations of any art, in style, or otherwise. We know Greek architecture is, and that Indian, Chinese, Egyptian and Gothic arts are ; but that is about all. We know also that "modern architecture" is either hysterical, a rude beginning of re-direction, or academic. All that has any essential worth in it belongs to the great general stream of artistic attempt—which was "a becoming" and has no ending. We know also, again, that a change of conditions, or environments, will induce a variation in architecture which will be driven, if persistently encouraged, to the formation of a new species, or style. And we know also again, that the quality of it depends entirely upon the sense of appreciation of a people, and the mastery of their artists. If a people insists upon masquerading between "architectural laden" walls, which do not fit either climatic conditions or their physiognomy, it is to be expected that their masters will starve it out, and



temerity grow fat on it. The grafter "must live" you know. And this is why an American highway or a public street is a heterogenous mass of impossibilities — experiments of devil born genius. Said Michael Angelo : "I see the wreck of many artists and things in my work." What he meant was that if those who came after him were not endowed with his natural sense of reserve, they would wreck themselves and other things if they took his liberties.

Therefore I would advise the San Francisco Architectural Club that the encouragement of a "new and characteristic style of architecture" in California is a dangerous play; for when it comes to "doing the original," or local, the tyro can beat the master worker on every point, and please remember it. Where there is neither a sense of form nor of tone (color), one is to expect "originality" without pity. Therefore we might say that originality should be tempered with discretion; and if one has not the gift of discreet form and color, he is a proper victim for the school — just as he who has not discretion in the use of his liberties, in the ordinary sense, is a proper occupant of the county jail. Of course I do not mean that the artist (as a citizen or otherwise) should



compromise his and himself with an aggressive, uncompromising constituency. Oh no! not that.

Now, I misdoubt not that the steel bound commercial tower is taking much of the wind out of the sails of purely pretentious art culture. And I misdoubt not but the same is working out great changes in architecture in America. The very unusualness of this form of construction compels architects to invent (with care) and borrow from one another. Again, the embarrassments of a superfluity of windows in the commercial hive appear to have created a revolution of feelings towards the wall opening. So designer and client seemingly take all such as misfortunes—leaving them as if they could not be helped—a condition not so bad as some might believe, as it apparently, judging from results, gives the architect more time for the study of general proportions and the cornice. Again, the very sad lack of relieving wall space in the facade of a tall commercial affair seems to be cultivating due respect for plain wall. In truth a free wall space is not always—judging from many simple designs in the exhibition—a something to be wept over, or hastily covered with vines, or stucco “ginger bread”—a happy promise for the future of



architecture, surely. And if the architects wish to create something new in modern architecture they will labor together to bring this promise to a consummation in solid material.

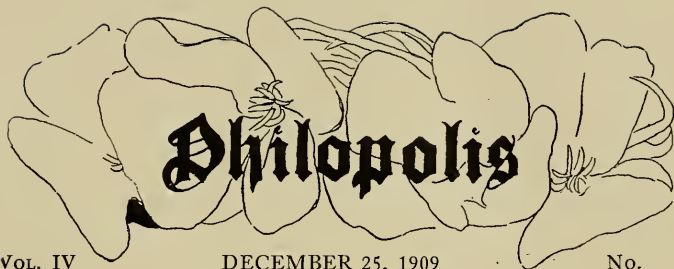
A good picture is lost in a crowded exhibition. A fair one looks well when given space around. When this simple principle is fully grasped, it will be known that a little indifferent sculpture is more effective than a lot of worthless sculpture—thereby saving us much pain, and some much money.



Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief:  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay:  
The wind blows east, the wind blows west:  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,  
And flutter and fly away.



Decorative Panel for the Columbia Theatre  
Arthur F. Mathews



## The Vase of Clay—A Story

by Jean Aicard

Translated by Edward G. Mason

with

Drawings by Arthur F. Mathews

### I.



JEAN had inherited from his father a little field close beside the sea. Round this field the branches of the pine trees murmured a response to the plashing of the waves. Beneath the pines the soil was red, and the crimson shade of the earth mingling with the blue waves of the bay gave them a pensive violet hue, most of all in the quiet evening hours dear to reveries and dreams.



In this field grew roses and raspberries. The pretty girls of the neighborhood came to Jean's home to buy these fruits and flowers, so like their own lips and cheeks. The roses, the lips, and the berries had all the same youth, had all the same beauty.

Jean lived happily beside the sea, at the foot of the hills, beneath an olive tree planted near his door, which in all seasons threw a lace-like blue shadow upon his white wall.

Near the olive tree was a well, the water of which was so cold and pure that the girls of the region with their cheeks like roses and their lips like raspberries, came thither night and morning with their jugs. Upon their heads, covered with pads, they carried their jugs, round and slender as themselves, supporting them with their beautiful bare arms, raised aloft like living handles.

Jean observed all these things, and admired them, and blessed his life. As he was only twenty years old he fondly loved one of the charming girls who drew water from his well, who ate his raspberries and breathed the fragrance of his roses. He told this young girl that she was as pure and fresh as the water, as delicious as







the raspberries and as sweet as the roses. Then the young girl smiled.

He told it again, and she made a face at him. He sang her the same song, and she married a sailor who carried her far away beyond the sea.

Jean wept bitterly, but he still admired beautiful things, and still blessed his life. Sometimes he thought that the frailty of what is beautiful and the brevity of what is good adds value to the beauty and goodness of all things.

## II.

One day he learned by chance that the red earth of his field was an excellent clay. He took a little of it in his hand, moistened it with water from his well, and fashioned a simple vase, while he thought of those beautiful girls who are like the ancient Greek jars, at once round and slender.

The earth in his field was, indeed, excellent clay.

He built himself a potter's wheel. With his own hands, and with his clay, he built a furnace against the wall of his house, and he set himself to making little pots to hold raspberries. He became skillful at his work, and all the gardeners round about came to him to



provide themselves with these light, porous pots, of a beautiful red hue, round and slender, wherein the raspberries could be heaped without crushing them, and where they slept under the shelter of a green leaf.

The leaf, the pot, the raspberries, these enchanted everybody by their form and color; and the buyers in the city market would have no berries save those which were sold in Jean the potter's round and slender pots.

Now more than ever the beautiful girls visited Jean's field. Now they brought baskets of woven reeds in which they piled the empty pots, red and fresh. But now Jean observed them without desire. His heart was forevermore far away beyond the sea.

Still, as he deepened and broadened the ditch in his field, from which he took the clay, he saw that his pots to hold the raspberries were variously colored, tinted sometimes with rose, sometimes with blue or violet, sometimes with black or green. And these shades of the clay reminded him of the loveliest things which had gladdened his eyes: plants, flowers, ocean, sky. Then he set himself to choose, in making his vases, shades of clay, which he mingled delicately. And these colors, produced by centuries of alternating lights and shadows,



obeyed his will, changed in a moment according to his desire.

Each day he modeled hundreds of these raspberry pots, moulding them upon the wheel which turned like a sun beneath the pressure of his agile foot. The mass of shapeless clay, turning on the center of the disk under the touch of his finger, suddenly raised itself like the petals of a lily, lengthened, broadened, swelled or shrank, submissive to his will. The creative potter loved the clay.

### III.

As he still dreamed of the things which he had most admired, his thought, his remembrance, his will, descended into his fingers, where — without his knowing how — they communicated to the clay that mysterious principle of life which the wisest man is unable to define. The humble works of Jean the potter had marvellous graces. In such a curve, in such a tint, he put some memory of youth, or of an opening blossom, or the very color of the weather, and of joy or sorrow.

In his hours of repose he walked with his eyes fixed upon the ground, studying the variations in the color of the soil on the cliffs, on the plains, on the sides of the hills.



"He told her again and she made a face at him"



And the wish came to him to model a unique vase, a marvelous vase, in which should live through all eternity something of all the fragile beauties which his eyes had gazed upon; something even of all the brief joys which his heart had known, and even a little of his divine sorrows of hope, regret and love.

He was then in the full strength and vigor of manhood; and yet, that he might the better meditate upon his desire, he forsook the well-paid work, which, it is true, had allowed him to lay aside a little hoard. No longer, as of old, his wheel turned from morning until night. He permitted other potters to manufacture raspberry pots by the thousand. The merchants forgot the way to Jean's field. The young girls still came there for pleasure, because of the cold water, the roses, and the raspberries, but the ill-cultivated raspberries perished, the rose-vines ran wild, climbed to the tops of the high walls, and offered their dusty blossoms to the travelers on the road. The water in the well alone remained the same, cold and plenteous, and that sufficed to draw about Jean eternal youth and eternal gaiety.

Only youth had grown mocking for Jean. For him gaiety had now become scoffing.





"Ah, Master Jean! Does not your furnace burn any more? Your wheel, Master Jean, does it scarcely ever turn? When shall we see your amazing pot which will be as beautiful as everything that is beautiful, blooming like the rose, beaded like the raspberry, and speaking — if we must believe what you say about it — like our lips?"

Now Jean is aging: Jean is old. He sits upon his stone seat beside the well, under the lace-like shade of the olive tree, in front of his empty field, all the soil of which is good clay but which no longer produces either raspberries or roses.

Jean said formerly: "There are three things: roses, raspberries, lips." All the three have forsaken him. The lips of the young girls and even those of the children have become scoffing.

"Ah, Father Jean! Do you live like the grass-hoppers? Nobody ever sees you eat, Father Jean! Father Jean lives on cold water. The man who grows old becomes a child again! What will you put into your beautiful vase, if you ever make it, silly old fellow? It will not hold even a drop of water from your well. Go and paint the hencoops and make water-jugs!"



Jean silently shakes his head, and only replies to all these railleries by a kindly smile. He is good to animals, and he shares his dry bread to the poor. It is true that he eats scarcely anything, but he does not suffer in consequence. He is very thin, but his flesh is all the more sound and wholesome. Under the arch of his eyebrows his old eyes, heedful of the world, continue to sparkle with the clearness of the spring which reflects the light.

#### IV.

One bright morning, upon his wheel, which turns to the rhythmic motion of his foot, Jean sets himself to model a vase, the vase which he has long seen with his mind's eye. The horizontal wheel turns like a sun to the rhythmic beating of his foot. The wheel turns. The clay vase rises, falls, swells, becomes crushed into a shapeless mass, to be born again under Jean's hand. At last, with one single burst, it springs forth like an unlooked-for flower from an invisible stem. It blooms triumphantly, and the old man bears it in his trembling hands to the carefully prepared furnace where fire must add to its beauty of form the illusive, decisive beauty of color.





All through the night Jean has kept up and carefully regulated the furnace-fire, that artisan of delicate gradations of color. At dawn the work must be finished.

And the potter, old and dying, in his deserted field, raises toward the light of the rising sun the dainty form, born of himself, in which he longs to find, in perfect harmony, the dream of his long life. In the form and the tint of the frail little vase he has wished to fix for all time the ephemeral forms and colors of all the most beautiful things.

Oh, god of day! The miracle is accomplished. The sun lights the round and slender curves, the colorations infinitely refined, which blend harmoniously, and bring back to the soul of the aged man, by the pathway of his eyes, the sweetest joys of his youth, the skys of daybreak and the mournful violet waves of the sea beneath the setting sun.

Oh, miracle of art, in which life is thus epitomized to make joy eternal!

The humble artist raises toward the sun his fragile masterpiece, the flower of his simple heart; he raises it in his trembling hands as though to offer it to the unknown divinities who created primeval beauty.

## Phukopolis

But his hands, too weak and trembling, let it escape from them suddenly, even as his tottering body lets his soul escape—and the potter's dream, fallen with him to the ground, breaks and scatters into fragments.

Where is it now, the form of that vase brought to the light for an instant, and seen only by the sun and the humble artisf? Surely, it must be somewhere, that pure and happy form of the divine dream, made real for an instant!





And the people said, "What are you going to put in this fine vase"



AN FRANCISCO has the promise of a "World's Fair" staring her in the face; and at the moment we are wondering what form this tenth or eleventh wonder of the earth is to take to itself. Hearing of the colossus of Rhodes, an insipid imagination would forthwith yearn for the creation of a straddling goat or pig with feet in four counties—a tunnel or two within, an elevator and a rapid transit system concentrated in the left eye. The French, much given to exhibitions and, much experienced thereby, usually eliminate these extraordinary features of contorted visualistic second impressions—if I may so describe them—by instituting a grand general competition of "ideas." This over with, and "glorious imagination" disposed of, the committee in charge gets down to real business.

I saw the Paris Exposition of 1889 in creation—from the turning of the first sod to opening day (two years later), when the sight-seeing multitude nearly starved to



The fruit-trees bend as though foredoomed to break  
With burden heavier than their strength can bear.



And if the faintest zephyr seem to shake  
Drop down an apple now and now a pear.

From drawing by Lucia K. Mathews



death within the gates. Although the happy possessor of an exhibitor's season ticket I ventured not that day, but watched the starving, struggling multitude, through the picket fence along with thrifty bread and ham vendors. So I would judge that the first business of an exhibition committee is to provide plenty of eating and resting places for its possible guests. Creating "Universal Exhibitions" is a streuous business. Still it's lots worse to examine one after it is born, and begins to go its noisy, dusty way.

A World's Fair is an educational institution rampant, as a rule. I have seen several and imagine I have done thousands. Such is the confusion of ideas, etc., proceeding from such, and emanating from, or fermenting afterwards within, self.

Now, as I believe with Jean the poor potter, that doing one small thing very well, indeed, is better than doing many just bad, I am inclined to favor a tenth or eleventh wonder of the world that can be carried around in the pocket. A pocket "World's Fair," containing a soft seat and a well-appointed eating establishment, would be about the nearest thing to heaven, and education—in the way of Universal Shows—that we could wish for.



I once heard a middle-aged lady from Kansas expatiate on her State thusly: "Kansas is a great State—chickuns—and schools—everybody raises chickuns and gets edicated there. There is no limit to edication and chickuns!" Add the "Midway Plaisance" and you have the usual Universal Exposition—chickens, education and the shell game!

When Chicago got the World's Fair bee in its bonnet all the nation spake up: A World's Fair in Chicago! Fudge, what could be expected in art out of Pork Town! However, Chicago took "the tip" and invited all the artists of the land to lunch—or was it breakfast?—and forthwith; and lo and behold, a classic ensemble came—out of the "Windy City of Pork." And we are informed quite often that this famous pile of staff acted as an educational medium, in so much that it educated American cities in the possibilities of grouping public buldings. I don't know whether it did or not. All I know is that it has been followed by an enormous accumulation of errant civic ideas on paper. However, all this has the twang of criticism—or is it knocking—about it. So another side of the project would be more to the liking of some. Perhaps a World's Fair in San Francisco would become

## Phyllopolis

a corrective to some of the ills we are blessed with. That is to say, the very strenuousness of the effort might kill off some of the pups in the family and give the real "dogs of business" a chance to do something else than protect their heels from snapping whelps. No! this has the clarion note of "knocking" also. I have a real honest, uncritical idea; but like Jean's the poor potter's dream, it won't take form on the instant, and if I should really and truly get it into concrete, visible words, the people might say: "What are you going to get out of this fine scheme — is there any money in it?"



OW, if I were to have the temerity to advise art students I would warn them that the story, "The Vase of Clay," is only a parable. Every jilted lover may not attempt to make a lovely vase with deep blue of sea, raspberry red, and curve of maids' lips, welded in one. Furthermore, while it is well to have confidence in self, it is never well to place too much confidence in intuition. We may have subconscious minds. In any case, as one "great psychologist" says: Its usefulness depends entirely upon the ability of the so-called





objective mind to control it. Again, the so-called subjective sense may have a marvelous memory; but it is always well to remember that some things are not worth remembering. Therefore, all mind, else it is justly selective and executive, is poor material to work with. Remember, Jean did not make his vase after passing through an art school and a museum full of vases; but after laying up a storehouse full of experience in making raspberry pots, and such forms from Nature he had use for. The maid, who tip-tilted her nose at him was only a small bit of experience; and maybe Jean's greatest disappointment "in love" was the unlady-like conduct of the maid whom he had looked upon as his chiefest model. This mixture of the gross with beauty is a sad disappointment — where loveliness only is sought after. Jean's masterpiece was to have no blemishes, so it had to be a lovely vase. Pictures that are but painted oceans or portraits of fair maids are only insensate duplicates of live things. So pictures and vase should be many things and experiences welded in one. The curve of fair throat, the roses, and the deep blue of sea, occasionally get into our works of art. But each of these is a supreme effort — requiring much




experience and gathering. So I would, if I had the temerity, advise all art students to remain art students and travel abroad muchly. This "staying at home" and relying upon intuition usually ends in reaching under the table in search for a "convenient copy plate"—stealing the product of another's "subjective mind" and experiences, so to say.

Again, if I were naturally endowed with sufficient temerity, I would advise art students to stampede from the presence of an art teacher who told his pupils never to paint gray; for it is absolutely sure that all such know so little of the mysteries of color and light that they always confuse "grays" with drab paint. It is not the purple of the plum that gives it its loveliness, but the "blue-grey" bloom. It is not the pink on fair maid's cheek that is pretty, but the illusive pearly tints which "gray" it. Now, confess! you don't like real blue seas, vermilion lips, red raspberries, or green trees, although you might be educated into liking one and all. Jean really did not care to "possess" the fair maid: he was merely disappointed because his chiefest model cracked her face with an unbecoming leer, and consigned herself to a sailor. However, it came to pass that Jean's



lovely vase was not lost. A wayfarer picked up the bits and put them together—all awry—and carried them across seas—in the same ship perhaps which carried away the fair maid who made a face at Jean—but this is another tale, which it is not well to rehearse. And again, a sad story is not always best for winter. The people might suspicion, if I repeated it, that I was suffering from a bit of under-done potato, or a welch rarebit. Unkind things would be said of noses, and ears, and eyes: and I would never, never, never reach Paradise—except at great cost to my nut.

N the *Muses du Louvre* there is a pair of knees with a bit of drapery flowing backward. These knees are “unrestored” and not in the least like ordinary Greek sculpture. Even the Venus de Milo has an unrelenting amount of substance about her in the presence of this pair of knees. So a suspicion has grown up in me, that all that’s Greek is not fair—that Greek sculpture as “restored” and put on view in most museums is about like the raspberry pots, “made by thousands.”



And now it has come about that, perhaps, my idea in regard to a World's Fair in San Francisco is very like the gentleman who wanted "a picture without any thing in it." "A Universal Exposition without anything in it!" How very dreary — none of the usual prune elephants, the corn picture and the machinery — how dreadful! Not at all! There would be the fair maids, the roses and raspberries, and the deep blue of the sea around.



AND they have arrested a couple in Philadelphia for cruelty to children, because they refuse to drape their boy in a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" costume. I had always supposed that shoes and corsets were considered cruelty, or rather the abuse of human anatomy. But murder will out. Either kill the child *a la mode*, or butcher it not at all. This is the distinctive difference between State and individual control. Every thing is as you get used to it — or misconstrue it. A young miss in high neck gown at a ball met an old friend. The old friend remarked: "I do not see so much of you as usual." "No," said the miss, "I have been ill, so mamma would not let me come tonight décolletee."

Some bad people would be less  
dangerous if they had not  
some goodness.

— Rochefoucauld



Colored Terra-Cotta Panel. Hospital of the Innocents. Florence



## The Pied Piper



NOTHING more than a suggestion of bad sewerage, feudalism and hysteria comes with the term Mediævalism, insomuch as the true votary of our modernity is affected. The beauty even of the cathedral is lost in ghosts of religious excess, flagrations, superstition, witch burning and the Inquisition. With such, it is as if we lived in a roseate atmosphere of super-humanism, and all that is past should be viewed with horror, as bloody, cruel, ill-smelling and half civilized — if not quite barbarous. Still for all that, modernity has its terrors, its inquisitions and its stages of hypochondria and aberrant genius. We have our





own ill-imagery and otherwise. And if I mistake not, the petting we dole out to weaklings is not the least of the sickness of us. For, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, a Society, or condition of affairs, that is too benevolent towards the laggard, and yet indifferent to its main support, may be judged as given to sickness indeed, the sickness of maudlin sentimentality. Be not at all alarmed that I do not fully appreciate the "danger" that such "brutal philosophy" invites. To imply in the least degree that Society is bound, for its own salvation, to respect the rule of the survival of the fittest, and so conduct itself that its constructive, or truly productive, individual units are not crushed out in the "fierce struggle for existence" among dependent creatures, is very like inviting a cataclysm of personalities. Still, it is not far from the truth to say that most modern social amenities in the form of bequests to organizations of benevolent and educational presumption, are but little more in virtue than the circus performances, gladiator shows and corn distributions of Rome's chief citizens. Merely because the modern public benefactor is moved in the first instance by better purposes than amusing, distracting and feeding the "helpless multitudes" should





not be considered. Too often we expect to condone for bad results by dwelling upon fine sentiments. It is the effect of a movement that counts. The ghost of the man who has been murdered through a bit of clumsiness is quite as much a ghost as if his material self had been smothered out wilfully and with malice of intent. In truth, it is the moral result, not the moral intention of every activity — socially and otherwise — which comes forward in the “ultimate analysis” as the prime question. And, whether you make a distinction between the awkward and the vicious child in a matter of punishment, it stands to reason that no amount of apology or punishment affects the past fault. So education, punishment, recompense, apology and benevolence are each and all irritating and insufficient else they react as preventatives to the recurrence (increase) of past error. Consequently we have the right to look behind reformative, charitable and educational movements, and examine the results of each, as we claim to have the heaven born privilege of questioning the works of more truly constructive genius. This is somewhat contrary to the usual modern precept. More often than otherwise we are urged to take the opposite premise, to take a good will.



for a good deed. But this is neither critically nor biologically sound ; neither does it promise for the making of sound social ideals or fabrics.

Progress is very largely a matter of sacrifice, So popular, or universal education is almost wholly a question of eliminating the unfit and not, as usually supposed, a means for lifting the weaker to the level of the stronger. This being so, several generations must elapse before the efficiency of a general, or popular, educational scheme is apparent to the larger proportion of humanity ; and even then the evidence before its eyes may be misconstrued. It might resent, or struggle against, the very evident fact : "The poor (dependent) ye shall always have with ye." In other words, the element, which the educational system itself draws attention to as lacking, is mistaken as a product, or effect, of the system ; instead of being recognized as Nature's, and something Society has ceased to find use for. So the first impulse is to drag the system down to the "requirements" of the weaker portion of humanity. That this impulse, carried into the rule, is the chiefest disturbing factor in our educational affairs is beyond question. Strange as it may seem, harsh in criticism as it may seem, it is too



Metsys Quintino. Portrait of the author

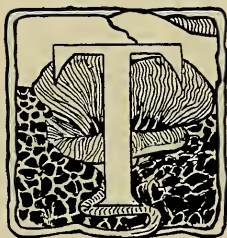


evident that all our "educational institutions" are tainted with this species of benevolence. Art school, public school, trade and business school, and as a consequence the universities, are continually yielding their efficiency to inefficiency. The trick is usually turned under the plea of "general culture." As a result we have the mingled pleadings of the worthy and the unworthy for a change. On this one point all seem to be convinced—or convicted. If it were otherwise I would not lift my small voice as a part of the chorus.

Education, from which we were promised so much some years past, appears to be in a sad tangle. Even our most assertive educational authorities are vacillating, or hesitating, or purposely facetious, in expression of opinion as to just how the beast's tail shall be extricated from its mouth. So none need be surprised when an educator from the common school asserts: "Childhood is a disease." This means, as a matter of course, that teachers are never in error and children always dunderheads—a lovely sentiment surely to start in with in moulding—or re-moulding—children. However, this is not the particular kind of sentiment I had in mind when I spoke of the danger of accepting a kind intention for



a worth while result, when it was too evident that the result was vicious. If this brutal philosophy—more brutal indeed than the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—were general, I would most certainly dress up in fantastic costume and pipe the fair children to caverns deep—where they would be safe from modern educators. That there are worse things than infecting rats and mice, I am convinced.



THE great bug-a-boo—or did I say sickness—of modernity is organization. We usually call it erroneously by the terms centralization and institutions. A combination of bookkeeping, transferred responsibility, and a multitude of individuals of indefinite character, is not to be described quite by such phraseology as centralization, in the sense of accumulated power or strength. There is a weakness in unionism very like that of the Siamese Twins. So we are not to accept a tendency towards grouping individuals, or the assembling of such under vague legends, as a sign of progressive socialism, the ultimate of which



shall be the absorption of the individual, all his interests and capacities, in a large industrial-political plant. In ordinary there is but little relationship between the so-called *Trust* and that class of corporations variously designated as social, benevolent and cultural. Truly speaking, each has its peculiar source of inspiration. In either class the *raison d'être* of one may be easily accounted for; but as a rule ninety-seven per cent of each is founded upon somewhat vague matter. That about eighty per cent arises in the pure spirit of mimicry—the desire to be in vogue without much perception of what the vogue truly means—is perhaps near the truth. At any rate, it is quite near enough to the actual state of affairs to be accepted as a plausible working hypothesis. So I may say for the sake of adventure that “modern organizations” are mostly the results of suggestion—mental and otherwise. A legitimate success here and an abject failure there suggests but one thing among us—organization. Therefore one organization follows after another in clockwork steadfastness until we have a hysteria of organization. Popularly, this is called the “sign of the times, the tendency to centralize the authority, strength and the capa-



city of humanity." Personally speaking, it is more like social hypochondria. Still it were improbable that those most affected could be convinced that they merely have a sickness, rather than a sound conception of things as they should be.

In a report upon the course of the late "so-called graft prosecution" the authors call attention to "the fact that our public schools are behind the times." So they recommend that the children should be duly instructed in the duties of corporations, the responsibilities of corporations, and fitted to act as agents of corporations. It is further recommended that laws shall be created compelling corporations to testify against self and keep their account books in common with the public. And thus the very nature of corporations (collective organisms), is distorted and misapprehended, and our common school systems confounded. And thus by grouping non-essential matters and things irrelevant to one another in a bunch the truth is concealed. And it is thus that non-essentials are established for essentials, and temporary matters given "more important attention" than the permanent. Biologically, well illustrated in historical example, all things collective





turn on the individual—the individual being Nature's instrument for advance—a truth made quite apparent by the persistency with which collectivism unloads its ills and misadventures upon the individual. No doubt collectivism creates demand, and operates very largely in forming conditions. Sometimes individuals "take advantage" of both demand and condition. At others they merely ride the demand and flourish unconsciously on condition. True, "both demand and condition claim their victims." But, as hinted, if a community, through its industrial systems and benevolent acts, is not discreet, it is apt to victimize its better individuals. That "Society" recognizes the possibility of such miscarriage of "benefits" is well illustrated, particularly in our day, by the tendency to create organizations for "fostering and protecting" the fine arts and "kindred industries." But a misdirection of such organisms (often erroneously surnamed institutions) creates a worse environment than if natural, though harsh, conditions were allowed to dominate. In other words, the individual not only is obliged to struggle forward, try his strength against the adversaries Nature creates; but also if sincere, he must contend with a sycophantic, presumptuous, and often-





*San Francisco Savings Union Building*

BLISS & FAVILLE, ARCHITECTS



times aggressive organization, an association which in its preambles and advertisements asserts itself to be *his guardian angel*.

Now the average member, the visible support, of such societies would, on first impulse, resent the imputation, the "insinuation that he and his kind connive for this unhappy result": and, like the average voting citizen, would shirk the burden of all responsibility and settle it upon the "officials"—entirely oblivious, apparently, that he "himself" is the author of said "officials."

And thus we come to a basic principle: all things collective pivot on the individual. The channel of progress is through the individual; it is the example and appeal of the individual that has drawn humanity (collectively) out of barbarism. Sidestep it, crawl around it, treat it imperiously or empirically, be facetious about it, or supercilious, all the evidence, biologically and historically, points to the burning truth that, Society would have gone in rags and starvation long since if it were not for the exceptional man—the real working bee in our hive. Mind, I have said nothing about woman. I use the term man here in the limited sense of sex.



**N**OW, in a disguise of modernity, and posing as an average person, one of those individuals who are much given to certain drastic and mediæval habits of thought and action, it would perhaps occur to me to call the police if it should so happen I were to meet a Pied Piper. And if the police were to put him in a hot box and sweat him to the point of confessing that he were truly an aberrant genius, I would feel quite certain that I and the police had been infinitely more generous, kind, law-abiding and intelligent in winning such confession than any "dark mediævalite" could possibly have been—in performing the same operation, for the same fell purpose. As such I would be an atavism, a recurrence of the creature who was quite as ardent an advocate of "things as they are" in his day as I would be in mine. In other words I would be merely a creature of the temporary conditions and the education of the day—looking both backward and forward with the same fear, short-sightedness and show of contempt. I would be a conservative and not a conservative. Every energy of soul and body would be turned towards conserving my type, but wherever there is a



show of differentiation on the part of individuals, none of Nature's other instruments of destruction could be compared to me. Fire, earthquake and storm are puny factors of destruction alongside of me—as the votary of “things as they are.” From this point of view, the great general truths upon which this Nation is founded are “has been.” It is only the inquisition that is perpetual—from this point of view. And, unfortunately for this point of view, the rule of the survival of the fittest is perpetual. And, as hinted in these columns before, collectivism—the organized effort of humanity to fix things—and individualism—the effort of Nature to alter things for better—are ordained to be in continual struggle, one against the other—until—?

On the other hand, if it could so happen that I were one of those truly philosophical fellows who are interested in all sorts of human eccentricities, I would trudge along in company to the nearest tavern and try out the ways of the world over a mug of ale, in merry heat of discussion—provided the Pied Piper were truly a Pied Piper and not an addled musician, a song bird knowing not whither way he was piping.

Music charms the ear, and like oratory is apt to



soothe the mind to the limit of oblivion as to which way the feet tread. No, no! I am not on the point of appealing to the law and demanding a prohibition against music and oratory. Far be it from me to shift my position and guise so quickly. I am a merry philosopher now — and no doubt a bad actor in the character. Still, merry or no, I could not be a sordid prohibitionist. All that is meant here in the way of warning is that one should not lend one ear to music and the other to oratory at the same moment. It is as dangerous as mixing drinks.

Every country editor knows the dreadful effect of taking in two things at the same instant, else that strange term, or phrase, anarchistic-socialism, would not have been invented. Anarchistic-socialism is a linguistic negative. But, as the aforesaid species seem to want us to gather, anarchism when soused in socialism turns *non compos mentis*, but is as dangerous as cotton treated with nitroglycerine. However the average country editor and the police do not trend towards making "anarchistic-socialism" pliable and safe. Still I would not be so bold as to recommend the treatment with alcohol, ether and castor oil, which is so efficient in





reducing gun cotton to a plane of usefulness in the arts. For as said, we are striving to look and act more merrily in the world than either bomb thrower or conservatist is in the habit of doing—a trick not so difficult as some may believe. Even as a merry wag of a philosopher I would, no doubt, look in the breeches pocket of any Pied Piper as a precautionary measure against bombs and country editorials on socialism, the tariff and public utility corporation regulation; one being about as dangerous—even to merry philosophy—as the others. The survival of the fittest does not read, in my mind, the survival of bomb throwers and the noisy crew that believes only in the production and protection of the lowest and commonest products of nature, society and humanity. Still this does not say that all such should be gibbeted forthwith. For a cheerful philosophy would suggest, not a human “dog pound” for the elimination of the unfit, but a well greased toboggan slide—one end in the other world. In other words the world’s wag suggests neither “protection” nor “prohibition” in the way of man’s coming and going.

The world got along very well, once upon a time, without pig iron, therefore why should we believe that



pig iron and the sentimental protection of pig iron to be so essential to "civilization and prosperity."

What difference does it make whether "public utilities" are "publicly owned or privately owned" else there is a question as to whether the exceptional business administrator will get more exhilaration and profit in one case than in the other? Are not both so-called ownership conditions mere names — mere strokes of the pen — and "ownership by the people" a mere pipe dream?





## The Education of Children

by Michael de Montaigne

Anaximenes writing to Pythagoras, "To what purpose," said he, "should I trouble myself in searching out the secrets of the stars, having death or slavery continually before my eyes?" For the kings of Persia were at that time preparing to invade his country. Every one ought to say thus: "Being assaulted, as I am, by ambition, avarice, temerity, and superstition, and having within so many other enemies of life, shall I go cudgel my brains about the world's resolutions?"

'Tis a thousand pities that masters should be at such a pass in this age of ours, that philosophy, even with men of understanding, should be looked upon as a vain and fantastic thing of no use, no value, either in opinion or effect, of which I think these ergotisms and petty sophistries, by prepossessing the avenues to it, are the





cause. And people are much to blame to represent it to children for a thing of so difficult access, and with such a frowning, grim and formidable aspect. Who is it that has disguised it thus, with this false, pale and ghostly countenance? There is nothing more airy, more gay, more frolic, and I had like to have said, more wanton. She preaches nothing but feasting and jollity: a melancholic, thoughtful look shows that she does not inhabit there.

The soul that entertains philosophy ought to be of such a constitution of health as to render the body in like manner healthful too: she ought to make her tranquility and satisfaction shine so as to appear without, and her contentment ought to fashion the outward behavior to her own mould, and consequently to fortify it with a graceful confidence, an active and joyous carriage, and a serene and contented countenance. The most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness: her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene. 'Tis Baroco and Baralipon\* that render their disciples so dirty and ill favored, and not she; they do not so much as know her except

\*Two terms of the ancient scholastic logic.



by hearsay. What! It is she that calms and appeases the storms and tempests of the soul, and who teaches famines and fevers to laugh and sing; and that, not by certain imaginary epicycles, but by natural and manifest reasons. She has virtue for her end: which is not, as the schoolmen say, situate upon the summit of a perpendicular, rugged, inaccessible precipice. Such as have approached her find her, quite on the contrary, to be seated in a fair, fruitful, and flourishing plain, whence she easily discovers all things below; to which place any one may however arrive, if he know but the easiest and the nearest way, through shady, green, and sweetly flourishing walks and avenues, by a pleasant, easy, and smooth descent, like that of the celestial vault. 'T is for not having frequented this supreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and courageous, virtue, this so professed and implacable enemy to anxiety, sorrow, fear, and constraint, who, having nature for her guide, has fortune and pleasure for her companions, that they have gone according to their own weak imagination, and created this ridiculous, this sorrowful, querulous, spiteful, threatening, terrible image of it to themselves and others, and placed it upon a solitary



rock amongst thorns and brambles, and make of it a hobgoblin to affright people.

They begin to teach us to live when we have almost done living. Cicero said, that though he should live two men's ages, he should never find leisure to study the lyric poets, and I find these sophisters yet more deplorably unprofitable. The boy we would breed has a great deal less time to spare; he owes but the first fifteen or sixteen years of his life to education; the remainder is due to action: let us therefore employ that short time in necessary instruction. Away with the logical subtleties, they are abuses, things by which our lives can never be amended: take the plain philosophical discourses, learn first how rightly to choose, and then rightly to apply them; they are more easy to be understood than one of Boccaccio's novels; a child from nurse is much more capable of them than of learning to read or to write. Philosophy has discourses equally proper for childhood as for the decrepit age of man.

"Young men and old derive hence a certain end to the mind, and stores for miserable gray hairs."

Epirurus, in the beginning of his letter to Meniceus, says that neither the youngest should refuse to philoso-

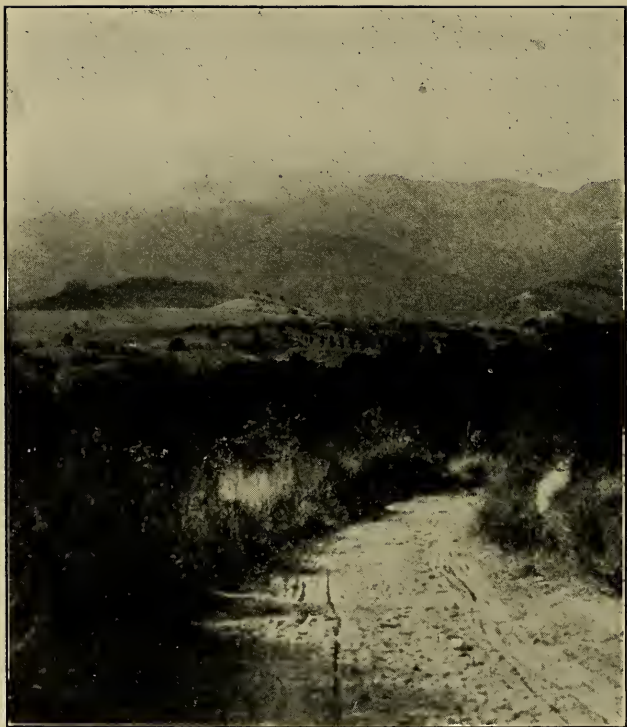


phize, nor the oldest grow weary of it. Who does otherwise seems tacitly to imply that either the time of living happily is not yet come, or that it is already past. And yet, for all that, I would not have this pupil of ours imprisoned and made a slave to his book ; nor would I have him given up to the morosity and melancholic humor of a sour, ill-natured pedant. I would not have his spirit cowed and subdued by applying him to the rack and tormenting him, as some do, fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and so make a pack-horse of him. Neither should I think it good, when, by reason of a solitary and melancholic complexion, he is discovered to be over-much addicted to his book, to nourish that humor in him ; for that renders him unfit for civil conversation, and diverts him from better employments. And how many have I seen in my time totally brutified by an immoderate thirst after knowledge ? Carneades was so besotted with it, that he would not find time so much as to comb his head, or to pare his nails. Neither would I have his generous manners spoiled and corrupted by the incivility and barbarity of those of another.



“ Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you’re at!  
Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle——”

*Alice in Wonderland — Arcule L. Dodgson*



Road near Santa Barbara



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## Aviation



HERE shall be no peace : already the fluttering of air ships' sails is heard over the land ; and even Saint Peter may fail in guarding the entrance to Paradise — what's the use ?"

Whether this sentiment was voiced by a merry wag of a pessimist or an absent minded optimist was doubtful, until a twinkle in the eye assured me that the speaker was none of these, but just a plain citizen in a somewhat whimsical mood.

"I quote only," said he. "All the world's agog over aviation and aviators, as if no one had ever before seen or heard of flying ships and soaring bipeds. All our ills





in truth<sup>1</sup> are occasioned, and have been occasioned, by low and high flyers. So I repeat: There shall be no peace; and Saint Peter may not look to the Gates of Paradise as a barrier to keep out the unfit—to turn them away from the enjoyment of rewards of Heaven.”

“Yes,” I answered, “but there is a chance that the wicked, in striving to gain admittance there in an aeroplane, may lose their balance and plunge into the other place.”

“Sure; but that does not lessen the anxieties and trepidation of the good in the good place. The major portion of the burden of ill is in anticipation. I have no doubt but you feel at this moment that if all the people thought all you did and all you were were a symposium of wisdom, goodness and sincerity, you would fancy yourself to have attained the highest tree top in Paradise; and yet, if I mistake not, you would merely have climbed to the temple of *ennui*, to become a dribbling idiot.”

“In other terms, an omphilopsychite?”

“Not quite. You have not the masterly sense of indolence.”

I blushed at this soft impeachment.



"People, my dear, are divided into two great classes ; there are the sinners of commission and those of omission. If I err not, ninety per cent of those who go to see the aviator soar, go in the expectation of being thrilled by the sight of a broken neck. Deprive humanity of the privilege of calling authors hard names, and most publishers and authors would go out of business. So the daily press, in prosperity, is based chiefly upon man's desire to see his name in print, or the other fellow's misspelt and treated with indignity."

"Go to," said I, "your liver is out of order, and the glint in your eye is neither of wit nor humor, but is common, ordinary yellow."

"Wrong ; I but quote facts—things which have been iterated and reiterated until they are become the very foundation of all philosophy, economics, politics and ethics. Say anything often enough and repeat it in variety, as it were, and you will gather believers. It only takes a few believers to create a host of the 'faithful'. In the seventies, when I first began to think of voting, I used to sit upon a bench with a lot of other intelligent beings—none were wise—we were only intelligent—and listen to the great aviators (statesmen)



of the time expound the beatitudes of a high protective tariff. 'It would raise the standard of living of the working man', so they said. What they neglected to say was that it would also raise the cost of living."

"And you vote like a good American citizen now, I hope—early and as often as possible."

"What's the use? All the candidates are aviators."

His eyes looked mournful a bit, but he proceeded: "An American citizen hasn't even the liberty of choice a lady takes to herself when she goes to an employment office in search of a cook."

I was mystified, but waited silently.

"It is like this: I as a voter am offered a choice lot of would be public servants; but I am limited to those on the employment agent's books. Mind! they may all be good men, but not the sort I wish. Here I am urged to take a cook, a plumber, a salesman or a small merchant, where it is all too evident that only a capable architect, engineer or general business administrator, will do. I am asked to turn the health department over to lawyers, and the finances over to teamsters. Now, if I could vote plump against the whole lot, quite as my lady says no to a list of candidates for offices in her

**B**lessed is the man who never  
forgets that when he was a  
boy he spake as a boy  
understood as a boy. he thought  
as a boy. and who does not expect  
boys to put away boyish things  
until they become men.



household, perhaps some day people engaged in supplying aspirants for public office might find the right men for right positions — who knows?"

That I was aghast at this un-American like enunciation of principle is needless to say. However, I kept my temper, and asked with much show of irony if he thought himself fit for the Mayor's office, or for a position on the police force. "And by the way," I added quickly, to cover the confusion my temerity had caused me, "should Sutter street be pronounced now with a true Parisian accent, or given a slightly Celtic lisp?"

"My dear friend," he returned, "Portola never *really* saw the Bay of San Francisco. He had so little sense of direction that he missed Monterey, and so little imagination that he missed the importance of *his men's discovery*."

"Yes," said I, "but what has Portola to do with the pronunciation of Sutter street, the tariff, high living and aviation?"

He looked anxiously backward at the door, then turning his head he whispered, "I am engaged in a liberal discussion, not in writing a syndicate editorial for the country press."



"In other words you believe it to be impolitic to debate (argue) and dangerous to speak on one topic at a time,"

"Hardly that! I believe neither in generalization nor particularization as contra-distinctive points of attack or review. However, I would not mix paints with metaphysics, nor lay bricks with sand. A pain in the head, or a dizziness, more often than otherwise indicates a disordered liver or stomach, rather than a loose cog in the brain. The truth of all matters is that each is so intimately connected with the whole that both particularization and generalization fall on either side of things, teaching nothing, comprehending nothing. Now, I would compare the average thinker with an architect who, being engaged to build—a picture gallery, say—has so far forgotten his commission that he builds a room fit only for a skating rink."

My mystification was complete, so I ventured the question: "And you believe then in particularization in building picture galleries and skating rinks?"

"Yes and no! Both are structures with windows, walls, roof and floor; but in a picture gallery the wall, and not the floor, is the key of it, and lighting arrange-



ments are somewhat different — occasionally. I would not have the architect build a leaky, shaky, unseemly picture gallery or skating rink. To be a rational constructor he must generalize and particularize on the same instant, on the same grounds. Therefore I say: none may promise the American workman high wages under a high protective tariff policy, and conceal from him for long that a ruling high wage schedule means a ruling schedule of high cost of living. What you call living is but an exchange of compliments, ordinarily called commodities (food, clothes, works of art and dollars). In our day, all things are first swapped for gold and silver dollars. But gold and silver are commodities as well as mediums of exchange. So if the production of these metals becomes more plentiful, and at the same time other productions remain stationary, the price of all other things will appear to soar, when in fact it is the cost of the production of these metals that has dropped."

"Then you appear to believe that the more effective a man is the cheaper his productions will be in the market?"

"Yes and no, again! Where a community is equally effective in its individual units, a general balance will





maintain itself ; but where this effectiveness holds good with but a few, the few, if astute in commerce, will profit in almost due proportion to their excess energy and ability. Mind, I am not considering middle men, or professional traders, now. The exactions, speculations, and abuses practiced, when they are practiced consciously, or unconsciously, are temporary matters involving no general or special law. Ultimately the tricky, as well as the straight merchant, has to succumb to the same economic principles which dominate the exchanges between producers. Merely because we no longer see the gold digger, the butcher and the carpenter swapping the results of their industry, is no proof that they have ceased this primitive, or communal, practice."

"Theoretically, what you would call a 'Trust' is more effective as an instrument of action than an unorganized collection of individuals. When it is both 'producer and distributor' it is surely more effective, theoretically speaking. Still, in practice, the history of 'busted Trusts' proves that this form of corporate interest is subject to the same laws of economics which dominate individuals and the smaller corporations. In other words, Trusts sometimes produce more effectively



(more cheaply), than other. Then by reason of their huge operations, they are in a fair way towards making large profits. If they practice the butcher's trick of giving short weight, the farmer's game of putting small potatoes at the bottom of the bag, combined with the middleman's exactions during a short season, it is always to be remembered that Trusts are really made up of the same dollars and flesh as humanity in general. And regardless of prejudice inculcated by the irresponsible 'Poisoned Periodicals', back of all 'trickery, robbery and abuse of position', the success of a Trust, like that of an individual, is based upon brawn, energy and brains—else the world at large is indolent, weak and foolish indeed."

"And, I would consider that section of the so-called Anti-Trust Act which reads: 'Every contract or combination in the form of a trust or otherwise, or conspiracy to *restrain trade or commerce* among states, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal'—to be absolutely contradictory to *the national policy of high protective tariff*."

"But you forget," said I, "that both policies are dictated by the paternal desire of the nation (people) to



encourage home industry and protect the small producer from the machinations of the larger ones."

"Pure, unadulterated sophistry, sentimentality and benevolence, my friend; and only encourages the man of small affairs and he who only raises small potatoes, as it were, in the belief that they can circumvent the bigger individuals by an artifice of government where they have found themselves incapacitated to compete with them in an open, unrestrained market."

He stopped to catch his breath, and I noticed a curious twinkle in his eye. I inquired the reason of it.

He laughed aloud. "You accused me of wobbling. I thought I would put one proposition plain. We are struggling now for a *low protective tariff*, believing the *wrong* fellow is getting the major benefits from the *high tariff*. In other words we are finding greater difficulty in backing out of an artificial arrangement of national economy than in entering into *the compact for restraining trade*—another way of describing the *high protective system*. Again, the Anti-Trust Law hurts the feelings of labor unions, for the boycott is an act or *combination to restrain trade*, in strict definition. Every combination of producers, from the farmers to the labor union mem-



bers, to get the most out of their activities, might come under the *Anti-Trust* law — sooner or later. Believe me," he muttered, "a people should fear *the law* more than they should fear primitive simplicity and poverty."

This was evidently a side remark ; so I took another tack.

"And, don't you believe," said I, "that the seductions and power of large, corporate interests are too much for the average American citizen to withstand?"

"For some of them, yes ! Take men on the average, who are raised in a somewhat stringent, pure atmosphere, and transfer them to the fetid air of politics, and they will catch all sort of ills, or diseases. Giving and taking tips is an insidious and dangerous play, easily exaggerated into blackmail."

Almost on the instant my companion, friend or visitor, as if the question of tipping had brought forth from memory a multitude of petty inquisitions and abuses, launched into a tirade of abuse of the whole system.

I protested somewhat.

He would not desist. "The whole matter of bounties, protective tariffs, etc., is tipping ; it is the government bribing the people."



Mission San Luis Rey



Again I protested that he exaggerated.

"Exaggerate — never ! The whole scheme of things is an unholy contradiction to the first principles of our institutions. We guarantee individual freedom of action and then turn about and deny the individual the liberty he is promised. You must not travel from one American port to another in a 'foreign ship' ; you must not buy goods from your neighbor if your servant has the same articles for sale. If John Jones, who lives in the next lot, raises sugar 'cheaper' than Bill Smith, who squats on a piece of your land, Bill Smith is a 'government' favorite : so he is paid a bounty for his ineffectiveness — paid out of your pocket. You don't see it so : well, not my fault !"

"Good," said I, "and you believe in letting into your lot any amount of 'cheap labor'?"

"That all depends upon what you mean by cheap labor ; and besides, this is a biological question, not one of national economy. The syllogism used in 'proving' that Asiatic labor should be allowed to flow in unchecked is faulty. All men may be brothers , all Asiatics may be men ; still that does not prove that Asiatic and Caucasian would live alongside of one another in a more brotherly



fashion than Cain and Abel did. It is well known that some crosses of the species do not prosper. The progeny of some are dreadful to contemplate. I have always understood that the ancient Grecian race was grafted upon the 'indigenous' stock of Greece. A graft of the European upon the American aboriginal might have worked out well. But a cross between Asiatic and European on American soil is beyond my enlightened conscience. As to the mere labor side of the problem, it all depends whether by the term 'cheap' you mean good cheap or low priced laborers. If you mean good cheap, and hold Asiatic laborers to be cheaper than American, then you insult your immediate family. However, this is a more delicate question than either religion or politics. There might be some virtue in engaging low priced laborers as a temporary expedient: but unfortunately for the good of the race we are often obliged to give up temporary policies, however good, for the benefit of posterity. It is not a question of getting low priced and servile laborers from foreign parts into America; it is a problem of how to get them hence after they have fulfilled our temporary purpose."

"Then you believe in working for posterity?"





"Maybe," my visitor said—somewhat yawningly.—  
"If a man raises a family, and mortgages the future in building sewers and schoolhouses, he should respect posterity sufficiently to bequeath his progeny—even unto the third and fourth generation—something more than mortgages, schoolhouses and sewers—which reminds me of a cartoon I saw in a Sunday paper the other day."

"The subject of illustration was: The development of California. In the foreground stood what was supposed to be a fair maid—or matron. Behind spread a California landscape, covered with derricks, bridge, inclines and steam hammer, and ripped, creviced and bathered. It would have better described a scene of war and battery rather than of development."

"The picture was perhaps intended to impress people with the idea of man's superiority over gross nature—"

"The supremacy of intelligence and the helplessness of mere material," I ventured.

"Maybe so," murmured he. "It has been shown only too often that intelligence without wisdom is very dreadful."

"Intelligence without wisdom!" I gasped.



"Yes sir! Intelligence is not always guided by wisdom. Our press merely pretends to convey to you the news (intelligence) of the day, where the literary review and the monthly magazine pretends to give you the substance of the wisdom of men. Note the difference, a school might give much intelligence to its pupils: but the pupil is born wise or foolish, and remains so to the evetide of life."

He arose to depart, but hesitated: "Yes, some men truly believe that low priced things are always cheap, and that cheap labor means servile and incompetent labor. Some things are dear at any price and others cheap at any cost. A people who are laboring under the idea that exploiting their national resources—by 'foreign capital' with the assistance of low priced foreign laborers—is profitable to them may have much intelligence; but that they are following an unwise precept is as sure as the sun rises and sets."

"Pessimist!" I shouted, as he slipped into the great out-of door.

"No," he echoed back, "only a common citizen awaiting an aviator about to break his neck."



## The Lady who would be Displeased

from the *Adventures of a Strolling Player* by  
Oliver Goldsmith



LOVE a straggling life above all things in the world ; sometimes good, sometimes bad ; to be warm today, and cold tomorrow ; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me.

We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound ; where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo and Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. Our performance gave universal satisfaction ; the whole audience were enchanted by our powers.

"As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural to ascribe part of the success to myself : I snuffed the candles, and let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses ; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be



exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of the principal actors fell ill with a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company ; they were resolved to go in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive ; I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate : they accepted my offer ; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me (Sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“I found my memory excessively helped by drinking : I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humor. We got together in order to rehearse ; and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again : I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction ; he may even die if he thinks proper ; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed



before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoken.

"Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part: I was tall and had a loud voice; my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow; for that is a rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it: Tamerlane was but a fool to me: though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he: but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general I kept my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my stomach; it was the way at Drury Lane, and has always a fine effect.

"The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success:



one praised my voice, another my person ; 'upon my word,' says the squire's lady, "he will make one of the finest actors in England."

"At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. We quitted the town, I say ; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out : I entered the town a candle snuffer, and I quitted it a hero.

"I played Sir Harry Wildair ; all the country ladies were charmed : if I drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture ; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

"There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London ; and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits ; everybody praised me ; yet she refused at first going to see me perform ; she could not conceive, she said, anything but stuff from a stroller ; she was at last, however, prevailed upon to go ; and it was



privately intimated to me, what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition. However, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury Lane ; but instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London ; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hand, or sink me down into a theatrical letter carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff ; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest ; I broke my cudgel on alderman Smuggler's back : still gloomy, melancholy all, the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders ; I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite a smile ; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkle into sympathy : I found it would not do : all my good humor now became forced ; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning ; and while I pretended spirits, my eye showed the agony of my heart : in short. the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was ; my fame expired ; I am here, and—  
*the tankard is no more !*"



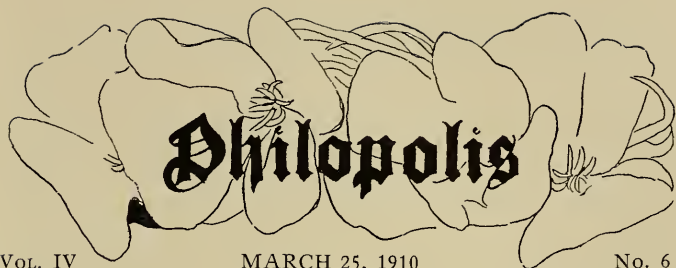


But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.—

—Robert Burns



Pieta in the Church of St. Peter's, Rome  
Michael Angelo



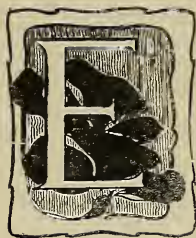
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## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion



VERY one had pushed back from the table and there was an air of expectancy pervading the studio—one of those top story affairs so common in Paris—for the guest of honor had promised, before the night was ended, to relate certain untoward experiences befallen him, and which were the cause of his return to the haunts of student days. “Well,” spoke up the chief host, as he tossed his serviette on the table and picked up a match to light another cigarette, “has the studio banquet stirred memories of the old quiet days enough to give you the courage for plunging into that



little history of how you did not steal the pearl necklace, or must we wait till another bottle is passed around."

"I fear me," replied the guest of honor, "that the memory of all things save *Pourquoi Pas* —"

"*Pourquoi Pas*?" murmured the company, doubtfully.

"Yes! *Pourquoi Pas*; for that was the name given at the time my story begins by a person who is, or was, chiefly responsible for my adventure — if I may call it such."

A ripple of amusement ran through the company; but the guest of honor frowned, with the remark that he thought it a joke himself at first, which was half the reason why he had adopted the *nom de plume* — or alias, more properly speaking — of Paul Beaucoup on the same occasion.

"It was this way," said he, straightening himself with a show of the energy he was remarked for in his student days, "I was returning homeward from my club. It was one of those lucid moonlit nights painters often pretend to accomplish on canvas, but which remind me more of a pale cheese in mourning. I was so enamoured with it — the moon, not the cheese — that I paused a few doors above my own; and it was there that the begin-



ning of the strange happenings I am to relate, was staged. None could have been better, perhaps, for Luna suggests melancholia and the unfathomable, in her lights and shades. This idea was forming in my mind—or what I always took for my mind—when a man, dressed in the fullest of evening costume, in a rather brusque manner passed me by. His whole attitude was supercilious. I was somewhat startled, not having noticed his approach; so I perhaps made a show of revulsion towards his airs; but all the emotion he displayed in return was a half-smiling, half-sneering mouth lined with a double row of glittering white teeth. Then he addressed me by name. I returned his compliment stiffly and started for my own door again. But I was not to sleep in my own cot that night, nor many nights after. No more than half a dozen steps were taken by me when the click of the gate latch of Mr. X——'s house took my thoughts backward. Again I paused, curious to know why the man had gone into Mr. X——'s yard. Not more than a couple of minutes could have passed when, seemingly from nowhere, a gruff voice ordered me to move on. It occurred to me to openly defy this new comer, but the inclination was smothered when I realized that the command came from



a watchman, and remembering that several burglaries had been committed in the neighborhood in the course of the month, I started homeward once more. The watchman passed on, and I had just placed my right foot on mine own house step when through the still night air I heard a sharp order to halt ! It came from Mr. X——'s gateway. But, unmindful of the old adage that 'curiosity killed the old cat,' I almost ran towards the source of the commotion. It became very evident to me, as I drew near, that the watchman and the rude man had run afoul of each other, and that the watchman was deeply perturbed and suspicious ; for I heard the civilian say :

'I beg your pardon, but I would pass without further ado ; it is not pleasant for a gentleman to have all the wind shaken out of his sails thusly !'

'I fear me,' replied the watchman, catching something of the other's facetious tone, 'that you are a pirate on the wrong tack ; and that it is a good wind which has blown you my way.'

'Nay, you err ; a pirate is never on a *right* tack, and there is always an ill wind in his sails. You have merely run afoul of an honest vessel, and it is your own suspicions you should arrest. And, if you must know,' contin-



Portrait Study

*Louise Breeze*





ued the suspect. 'I am a night reporter of the *Evening Racket*, on a special detail; therefore, as I suggested before, I would pass in peace.'

'Yes?' queried the watchman, with a drawling voice.

'Yes!' echoed the other sharply, 'if you will allow, I will whistle and call our cartoonist, who is somewhere about, and who will vouch for me.'

Here the watchman snickered audibly and interjected: 'I have no doubt your pal is close by: but I have no desire to be boarded on either side by pirates; so if you will kindly anchor yourself to me by means of these bracelets, we can float down to the police station, and you may tell your sea yarn to the captain—and the judge tomorrow, perhaps.' Then the watchman guffawed as if intensely delighted and tickled at his great show of wit and repartee. 'And,' added he, 'if your cartoonist cares to be present, he may draw a picture of you for the rogues gallery.'

'The rogues gallery—bracelets!' ejaculated the suspect, in a low voice, 'and I was dreaming of a seat among the immortals, and a necklace—worth the ransom of a king.'

'You will get one of those at San Quentin if you stick



long enough to the business I suspicion you were engaged in tonight,' returned the watchman.

'Yes,' the suspect sighed, 'it was ever thus in childhood's —'

'Hey! —'

'I saw one as if in a dream a short time since,' continued the suspect.

'What's that?'

'As I was saying, it was worth —'

'What did you mention about a necklace and a bribe,' questioned the watchman, as if alert at last to something aside from the mere business of taking questionable characters to jail.

'I was about to remark, if you could keep quiet long enough,' said the suspect, 'that the *Evening Racket* had paid more for a worse story than the holding up of its night reporter as a — what shall I call it?'

'Oh, keep that for the judge tomorrow!' The watchman was getting impatient; but the suspect, nothing loath, kept up the game as the two — followed by me — made way towards a police call box, across street.

'Now, if I were you,' cautiously remarked the suspect, 'I would hesitate before directly or indirectly



arousing the resentment of the *Evening Racket* — or any of its agencies — fancy what our cartoonist might do to your face ?'

'Oh ! shut up,' spake the other, evidently bored, or a little out of countenance with himself for the lack of any other reply.

'More in your line,' cooingly came back the prisoner.

The only response to the last was the bump of the prisoner's head against the police box. 'Brute !' sputtered he.

'What say ?'

'I was merely remarking that Brutus was an honorable man ; and yet he was driven to suicide — became a martyr to an unregenerate gang.'

What answer the watchman gave, or might have given to this was lost in the noise of an approaching patrol wagon. Between the sharp click of iron shoes on the street pavement and the racket of wheels bouncing over cobble stones, all else was drowned. The next heard by me was : 'Pile in now ! and if your cartoonist cares to develop your character in a picture of your mug, he may come along.' And, before I quite gathered the import of his words, the watchman grabbed me, and



with his voice still ringing in my ears, I found myself placed by strong arms in the patrol wagon along side of the other two. You see, there was another policeman now. I gasped a protest ; but all the reply I got was a laugh from the other prisoner and a disinterested yawn on the part of the police. We continued in this fashion for some time, when a sudden lurch of the wagon — more violent than usual — set the other prisoner's tongue again on the wag.

Said he, 'Never mind ! we will drink a small bot' over this little mischance of life yet.' Then after a moment of reflection he added ; 'You will have a fine chance, maybe, to get on speaking terms with all the minions of justice ; and, let me tell you, all of them are not so ill favored as you might expect.'

The latter of these remarks was coupled with that show of glittering teeth and half malicious grin I had noticed on our first encounter. So pointed was the application—or implication—that I felt the watchman to be on the verge of an explosion. But, he held together, grimly. Again we rode on for a space in silence, save for the rattle of the wagon. Then the other prisoner made another essay to pass the time in



conversation. 'Strange,' said he, 'that they don't have auto cars for the police department—it is almost a sin to cause our prominent citizens, of most extended publicity and solicitude, the agony of a ride in such antiquated vehicles as these.'

'Poof!' ejaculated the watchman, 'citizens of publicity and solicitude—posing now as a reporter or as a burglar—which?—thief, I presume—'

'Thief!' screamed out the other suspect, 'thief! how dare you! I would have you know I have given you the right tip—and now you presume—'

'You impertinent wretch!' angrily returned the watchman, 'offered me a bribe, have you? I suspected as much when you dropped that remark about ransoming kings—take that!'

These last words were accompanied by an action that nearly sent the other suspect through the side of the patrol wagon: but he only laughed. What a queer fellow, I thought. However, I would not have thought so lightly of it had it been known to me that this last incident was but a move in a deep laid scheme on his part. As it came to me then I thought that the watchman's assault—for assault it surely was—had all the



flavor of ill temper and the uncalled for : so it occurred to my mind that some one should protest. I protested, or rather started to, when a loud 'Whoa !' from the driver brought us to a standstill. We were at the police station : and I, trembling in every joint, with the rest of the crew descended to the sidewalk and shambled to a doorway, along a dimly lit corridor and into a room where various members of the police force seemed to be but lounging about. But my thoughts were soon to be disabused of any idea that this was a mere loafing place. For we two suspicious characters were escorted with great show of ceremony up to a desk behind which sat an officer importantly posed — pompously, I might say. He viewed us stolidly for a moment, then nodding at my companion in distress, very deliberately — as if he would have preferred to jump his desk and trounce us forthwith, asked : 'What's the—the trouble—the charge ?'

At this the watchman stuttered incoherently, shifted his weight from one leg to the other, raised his hand to his hat and then brought it to his chin, which he rubbed absent-mindedly — vacantly, I should say, maybe.

'Well ! where are you at ?' grunted the captain, 'somebody stolen the key to your head ?'



Here the watchman grinned foolishly, spluttered and then ejaculated the word 'Bribery!' which evidently relieved his soul mightily, for he settled down on the instant to a loose indifference of manner.

'Bribery?' queried the captain, doubtfully.

'Bribery?' mockingly repeated the other suspect.

'Yes, sir! bribery; or I might say, an offer to bribe — the same thing,' said the watchman.

The captain hesitatingly held a pen over the pages of a large book on his desk for a moment, scowled, then wrote. There was no sound excepting an occasional shuffle of feet and the scratching of pen on paper. I took the opportunity to glance at 'my fellow' prisoner; but he noticed me not; he appeared to be desperately occupied in some internal personal affair. So I turned again towards the captain's desk. As I did so, he raised his head and demanded the 'prisoner's name and address.'

'Pourquoi Pas,' came the reply, without a show of the slightest interest.

'Pourquoi Pas,' repeated the captain, mechanically. But he immediately altered his attitude and asked, with much wrinkling of his forehead: 'How do you spell it?'





Proposed Design for Bank Building  
Willis Polk, Architect



'P-o-u-r-q-u-o-i Pourquoi, P-a-s Pas, Pourquoi Pas,' elaborately spelled the gentleman.

'Humph!' echoed the captain, but he wrote again.

'And the other one—the charge?' said he, pointing his pen threateningly in my direction.

'Interfering with an officer, sir.'

'A very serious charge,' muttered the captain, 'and your name, etc.'

'My name?' said I, and I hesitated.

'Yes, name! Have you one?'

Still I hesitated. My God! why did I? That one moment of—foolishness I would call it now—was the real beginning of my distress. I flushed high. That one cursed moment revealed the vanity—nay, the egotism—of man's soul. I had always looked at my image in the mirror over my bureau as that of a respectable citizen. If it but had been known to me—if I had not been so blind in my conceit, as to fancy that my constituents took me at my own valuation, I would not have dreaded a little publicity—just for one morning's issue of the papers. As it was I racked my brain for a rational and at the same time, an unusual name as a substitute for mine own. The queer French words my fellow in



trouble gave as a name, suggested a French one for myself. I had met a Frenchman in Florence at a *pension* table who had just the one I wanted — so it seemed to me at the time. The name was unique enough, and sufficiently French. It was so odd indeed that I hesitated, but it rang in the chambers of my head loudly as if some one else were repeating it. *Beaucoup* ! *Beaucoup* ! kept hammering there. Nothing else was allowed to take its place for the reverberation of it ; so I finally announced, in a strained voice, *Beaucoup*, *Paul Beaucoup*. Then the whole room swam wildly. Memory seems to tell me that the name *Paul Beaucoup* had to be spelled out to the captain, and that *Pourquoi Pas* — as I shall now call the other suspect — did the spelling for me in laconic tones, What really took place you will have to ask some one else. All I am positive about is that eventually the room settled down and that a soft, mocking laugh greeted me as I realized that I had been transformed from the ‘eminently respectable citizen’ to the common class of ‘suspicious characters’ every community is charged with — or for. The laugh was *Pourquoi Pas*’ greeting to the ‘*nouveau*’, It was his right as an ‘*ancien*’.”



To me, at the time, this bit of exercise in privilege on *Pourquoi Pas'* part was insufferable, and I would have chided him if it had not been that a great commotion, which seemed to be approaching, caused a general stampede of attention from our immediate environment. The captain arose sternly from his seat ; a few of the officers moved quickly toward the entrance of the hall ; all eyes were fixed on the doorway. Coming nearer, the rumpus began to split into fragments, so to speak ; and we heard shrieks, commands, protests and curses, all mingling together, but occasionally comprehensible as terms of speech, the shrillest of which was unmistakably of French origin.

'Mon Dieu ! Mais non ! Tenez vous ! Pourquoi pas ! C'est que ne savais p —'

The last was smothered in the letting. And, almost instantly there appeared over the threshold a couple of police officers dragging between them a bundle of disordered femininity. It took but another brief moment for the two policemen, aided by the combined strength of the 'interior office' to rush this disheveled and bedeviled package of dry goods to the captain's desk, and set what was inside on its feet for the inspection of that



august individual. He gazed as if wonder struck—at the lady. And the lady threw out her arms and shrieked : 'Cochon ! Pourquoi Pas —'

At this sally I was inclined to laugh, but a glance in Pourquoi Pas' direction blunted my sense of humor. There was nothing in his whole make up that suggested more or less than — what might be called — huge delight. Where I had expected to see rout and confusion I saw only a jocular mien—the very ecstasy of delight. I could have murdered him on the spot for his confidence and superb impudence. The lady had screamed his ridiculous name—or alias—coupled with pigs. And he had no fear of consequences. As said, I could have throttled him. He caught my desire off the wire, if I may put it so, and in a low, laughing, mocking message, telegraphed back : 'Why not ? is it so strange that others besides us have taken advantage of a joyous, moonlit night to have a lark ?' By the time we had finished with this little side business the captain's attention came back to us, and he disposed of us with alacrity.

'Take them to room 1006,' he ordered sternly.

'Any bath connected ?' inquired Pourquoi Pas.

'No !' came the answer like a clap of thunder, 'the



Society for Suppression of Rheumatism has plugged all the bath tubs in the house.'

'Not such a bad sort, after all—is he?' This was addressed to me by my companion, by way of conversation, as we trudged after the turnkey in search of room 1006; but I remained silent. 'And to think,' he added, 'that no one noticed her queer use of my name.'

'I did—and don't mistake!'

'You! Oh you! you don't count.'

Patience, and humility in distress, had reached the limit, so I sprang at him like a fiend. He side-stepped lightly, I bumped against the corridor wall, and the turnkey grabbed me by the coat collar, with the remark: 'He is evidently a dangerous criminal.'

'Oh! don't mind him,' said Pourquoi Pas, 'we will get along famously in a room together—all night.'

The turnkey had misgivings, but he carried out the captain's orders. He opened a cell door, shoved me in, and politely bade Pourquoi Pas good night, as he closed it upon us. My novitiate was complete."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## Old and New Schoolmasters

By Charles Lamb

**N**EST to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues,—the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres,—who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport! Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days as in a grammar school. Revolving in a perpetual circle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past: life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their *Flori* and their *Spici-legia*: in Arcadia still, but kings: the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to King Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea: with the occasional duncery of some untow-





ard tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Damœtas !

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of every thing, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of any thing. He must be superficially, if I may say so, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own;—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, (for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life,) but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you loose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant oper-



ation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others: your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness than a whisper teazes you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster? He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was



not more attached to me. This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years,—this young man, in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud when I praised, he was submissive when I reprov'd him ; but he did never *love* me ; and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation which all persons feel at revisiting the scenes of their boyish hopes and fears, and seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence."

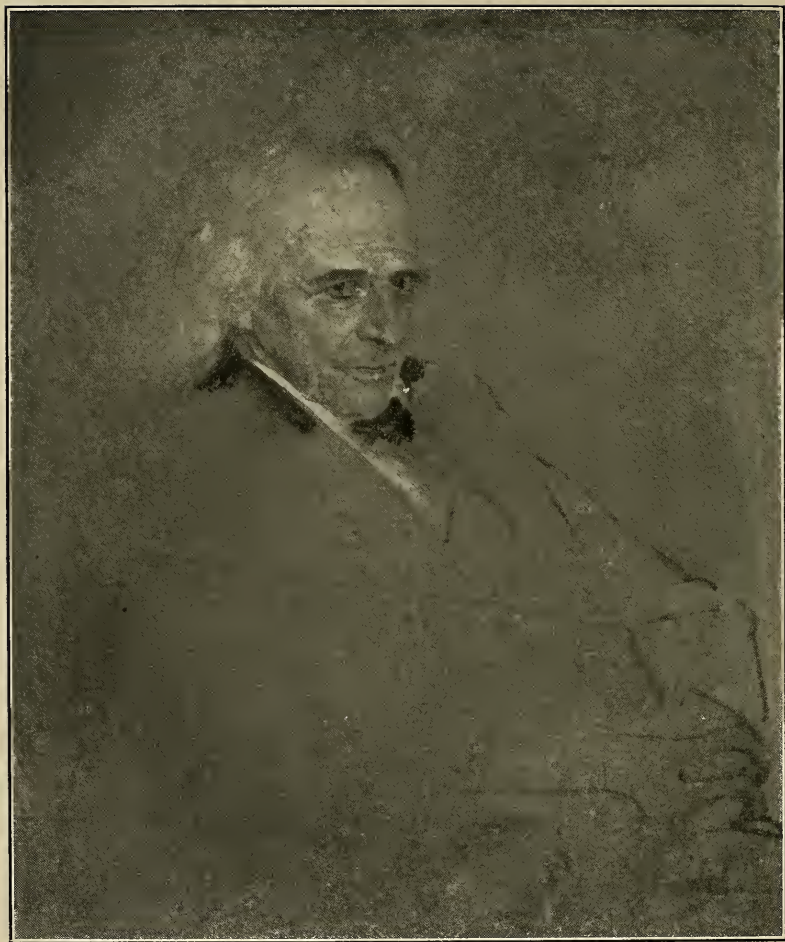


**A**nd those that were good shall be happy,  
they shall sit in a golden chair,

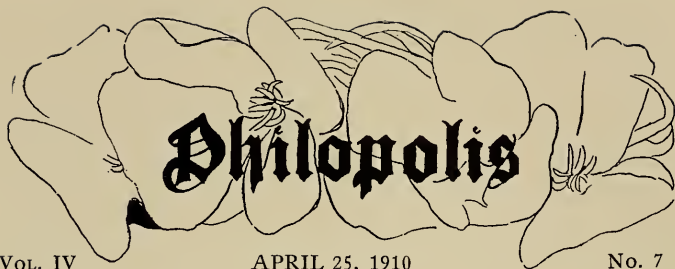
They shall splash at a ten league canvas  
with brushes of comet's hair ;

They shall find real saints to draw from.  
Magdalene, Peter and Paul,

They shall work for an age at a sitting,  
and never get tired at all.



Prof. Theodore Mommsen  
Painted by Franz von Lenbach



## The Orchid

By Donald McLaren

**I**N the entire floral realm there is no plant which attracts such general wide interest or discussion as the Orchid. In the seventeenth century the tulip reigned in Holland, and many species were cultivated, new ones sought and crossed with those already established, till the collection became most important. It was then that the speculators and barterers commenced the practice which resulted in the feverish gambling in tulip bulbs, driving prices upward almost beyond reason and making the flower famous the world over more for this experience than for the real beauty of the blossom.



That the Orchid should rouse such wide spread interest is due probably to the delicate and perfect form of each blossom and to the endless variations of the flower, which rival the rainbow in color. Some ten thousand species are recognized, still the number is being increased by the diligent search of plant lovers, in all countries, for new ones and rare blossoms. The flowers producing in the different varieties many peculiar and odd shapes, give rise to many names for the plants, such as *Phalænopsis*, the Moth Orchid ; *Oncidium Papilo*, the Butterfly Orchid ; *Cypripedium*, the Lady Slipper Orchid ; and many others too numerous to mention.

The habit of the Orchid is almost as varied as that of the flowers themselves. It is dependent upon the mode of life of the plants. They inhabit branches of trees, but draw no sustenance from the trees ; dead trunks, and often barren rocks and exposed places. They thrive in the tropics, grow close to the ground, and are seen overhead hanging from tree tops. Again certain species are found in the mountains of South America nine or eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, at the line where vegetation ceases and we come to perpetual snow. The Terrestrial Orchids include some of the





largest and most stately blossoms of the tropics and most of the Orchids of the temperate zone.

Orchids have long been known to botanists, but the first plants were introduced into hot house culture over a century ago. The growing of these beautiful creations in the early days was thought to be very difficult, and they were watched and coddled closer than children ; in fact, given so much care that they were spoiled. Now the idea that this plant is a great extravagance, the plaything for the wealthy only, is no more. They are imported in great numbers and thrive when handled with good judgment, at a minimum cost. Some form of conservatory is necessary to secure warmth such as the plants are used to from their natural habitation : moisture to grow and a dry season in which the plant blooms and rests.

The lover of this noble creation of plant life is amply repaid for his labors in the blossoms of his plants. The various members of the *Cattleya* family give masses of color, generally in mauve tints, often white with dark red and golden spots. Natives of Columbia, Venezuela, Brazil, the Guineas, Ecuador, Central America and Mexico ; the home climate is easily reproduced, and the

# Phalænopsis

enthusiast is richly rewarded for his pains. For magnificence of flowers no genus of tropical orchid surpasses the *Phalænopsis*, indeed it may be said to comprise some of the most beautiful of the whole order, and are distinguished by the grace with which the flowers are displayed. They usually face in one direction, lightly supported on slender, frequently branching racemes. Another charm of the *Phalænopsis* is their remarkably free flowering nature, for a plant has been known to bear over one hundred and seventy flowers on a spike. Each flower is over two inches across, and often four or five inches, very full and spreading, making a true shower of beautiful blossoms. The *Phalænopsis*, a native of Assam and Burmah and the Indian Archipelago, are brought in great quantities to California, and when kept in warm places frequently bloom as often as three times a year, gloriously luxuriant.

The original cost of the plant is occasionally very high, recently one small plant sold for twenty thousand dollars. This, however, may be said of many other plants, notoriously the tulip and the pink. The average Orchid plant; however, is not costly, and a great joy to an understanding and appreciative owner or admirer.





Orchid *Phalaenopsis*  
From Drawing by Lucia H. Mathews



## Mayor McClellan on City Beauty



THE presentation a few weeks ago of a bronze medal to Mayor McClellan of New York, by the American Group of the Société des Architectes Diplômés par le Gouvernement de France, for his work in behalf of the beautifying of the city, was a notable event. It was threatened by two dangers, however. On the one hand, there was a likelihood that it would be too much overlooked or made light of, in spite of the rather distinguished company; on the other, that it would be taken too seriously, for New York is not yet a model of civic beauty. But Mayor McClellan himself saved the day, accepting the medal with a speech so graceful, so nicely balanced between earnestness and lightness, so charged with good sense pleasantly put, that the scoffers were silent, and with all the dinners of New York this one was not overlooked. In part, he said: "The mediaeval ascetic and the seventeenth century puritan tried to convince mankind that beauty and righteousness were antipathetic. But his wholesome natural common sense forbade man-



kind to be convinced. We may and doubtless do respect the excellent but unattractive woman while the beautiful saint receives our warmest admiration. Where Lucas Cranach and Wolgemuth may have frightened an occasional backslider into righteousness, Gentile Bellini and Titian called hundreds of sinners to repentance. As with women and angels, and saints and pictures, so with cities. Our fellow citizen sits him down to sleep the summer day upon a bench in City Hall Park. If he awakes facing the north you know that he will slouch away a better man for having looked upon that little gem of the Colonial — our City Hall. But if he awakes facing the south, and gazes upon the Post Office, can you blame him if he goes away with homicide in his heart? Venice lived a thousand years. During her last two centuries of life she was only kept alive by the love and devotion of her children. Do you suppose that they would have felt for their mother as they did, had she been the architectural ancestress of Hoboken or Jersey City? Something more is needed to make the happy city than health and wealth and wisdom. The citizen may feel a just satisfaction in the thought that in his city the death rate is low, the streets clean, and the water

## Philopolis

pure. He may be snugly complaisant in knowing that rents are high, food dear, and bankers and brewers rich. He may beat his breast with pride at the thought of the wisdom of his town, that all her people are clever, her schools excellent, and her newspapers omniscient. The city healthy, the city wealthy, and the city wise may excite all these emotions, but it is the city beautiful that compels and retains the love of her people."






## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion

(Continued from MARCH).

HAGRIN now submerged all other feeling ; so deep and dense was it that I perceived myself, during the short previous hour, to have been but a marionette in a sort of Punch and Judy show. Whether mere chance or Pourquoi had worked the puppets made small difference. Mine had been very much the part of a monkey, beyond question. And for the time being I believed the full capacity of the monkey tribe had been reached. But that was because I did not know. I was to know more about monkeys later on. That Pourquoi Pas did not give me much opportunity for any very lengthy reflection on my condition you perhaps suspicion. In truth he would have entered immediately into any kind of exchange of words if I would have permitted. Talking time out of countenance seemed to be his chief desire in life. Therefore it was inevitable





that I must listen to him sooner or later. Only for a moment did he turn away and appear to be absorbed in his own devices ; and I often fancy even this was only a little by-play of his to further excite my curiosity— for he did excite it with a vengeance in due time. He had started to take off his overcoat when something fell to the floor that had but little of the masculine ring to it. It was neither a watch nor a bunch of keys. My eyes instantly sought for the object. I had seen it before, around a ladies' throat. Where? Around that of Mrs. X—. It was the pearl necklace the gossips had wagged their tongues much about for some time ! But how did it get there—on the floor? How and where did Pourquoi Pas—?

Said I, now alive to the situation: 'Then you are really and truly what the watchman suspected—a burglar—a pirate, as he put it?' But Pourquoi Pas was too much engaged, in what I mistook for confusion, to answer off-hand. He merely—in due time—picked up the gems and tossed them on the cot, where I had sat me down, with the remark: 'Only two artists like ourselves could possibly appreciate such beautiful jewels.'

That I resented this devilish coupling of our arts



with those of thieving you may well believe: still my thoughts were so completely dominated by—the burglary of the house of Mr. X——, that I could form no particular protest in terms of speech. So I contented myself with a frown and a blush—if I may so describe it. My cellmate discovered my embarrassment of course and laughed again the low insinuating laugh, now so familiar. Again I blushed, and I fear me, scowled angrily.

‘Oh, well!’ he exclaimed, ‘there is no use putting up a bad face over such affairs. Now, there is my wife, a bit of an artist, who—’

‘Does she paint or steal?’ I interrupted, mad to the bone. Here he faced me square, with feet well spread out and braced.

‘I would remind you, Monsieur Beaucoup, of the good old saying: “What you can’t steal ask for.” There are far worse professions than painting and piracy.’

‘And what may they be?’ said I, with a show of indifference.

‘Sycophancy, my friend — the art of just pretending—the art of demanding the sufferance, the attention, the charity of the world with never an intention of giving fair return for value received. You can at least speak



of a pickpocket as a skillful operator, and marvel over the work of an adept safe cracker. The sorriest looking and performing man on earth, my dear Beaucoup, is he who pretends to be doing something—thinking he is doing nothing. I say, thinking he is doing nothing, because in reality he is always putting his patent leather boots into others' work—and spoiling it if possible.'

'Then,' said I, 'you are truly not a newspaper reporter?'

Pourquoi laughed—this time long and loud. 'My dear boy,' he replied, 'reporters are the bane of sycophants. They labor for their bread. They make mistakes; but I wonder sometimes they do no worse—considering their opportunities. However, this is neither here nor there. The prime question is: How did I get possession of this necklace; why did I?'

'And in the course of your explanation of how and why, you would like to represent to me that stealing is not a vulgar profession?' I asked.

'Maybe so! maybe so! giving and bribery, taking and stealing, are so closely allied in our polite, as well as impolite affairs, that it takes an astute—an almost super-human—person to draw the fine threads that connect



Cattleya.

Orchid Cattleya  
From Drawing by Lucia H. Mathews



one with the wrong and the other with the right. Oh yes! of course the widely different tendencies of taking and giving are easily discernible now-a-days. I read an article, written by a merchant, in which the author was frank enough to state that every man who passed his shop had certain dollars in his pocket that burned a hole there. So he confessed that he made it his business to arrange his shop windows after a fashion best calculated to catch the said dollars. Now that merchant could not have been corrupt — a species of bandit or pickpocket — or he would have concealed his designs on people's pockets under a cloud of verbiage — or sycophancy.'

'Well,' said I, when *Pourquoi Pas* ceased for lack of wind, 'what has all this to do with plain matter-of-fact burglary?'

'Everything! everything, my friend! One might enter the profession of burglary neither in envy nor in avaricious desire; but for the sole object of exercising an unusual genius, or for the speculative chance.'

'You wouldn't look on me as a man who would deliberately take Mrs. X——'s necklace because of avarice or envy, would you?' pleaded he.

I could not help but smile. This engaging cellmate



of mine looked so innocent in full white shirt front that I could have said 'No!' to his question, but I discreetly kept my mouth closed. For some time we remained thus in silence, then my companion, by force of disposition, began again :

'Judge me not too harshly until you have heard the story of how and why the necklace of Mrs. X.— is in my possession.'

I accepted this as an invitation to hear his story ; so I set back against the wall. I had heard the thieving moralist philosophise : it would be equally amusing, I thought, to hear him romance.

#### POURQUOI PAS' ROMANCE.

"I have always taken it for granted, as Emerson says, that 'a thought not put into action is a thought wasted', — provided the thought is good — and one has the necessary skill to make the action good in results. My mind was running in this direction while walking up your street this evening. As I approached Mr. X——'s house the idea fully possessed me. It would be so easy to settle the queries of gossips' tongues if I could put a thought, constantly circulating in my head, into success-



ful action. As you guess, perhaps, my idea was to gain possession of this set of pearls. It has been said; 'They are false.' It has also been said: 'They are real and of fabulous value.' It has also been said: 'Real or false, these jewels bear with them the suspicion that Mr. X—— has criminal designs upon an unsuspecting public, or has already consummated criminal designs. He is the head and chief stockholder of the Aeroplane Trust. If this string of pearls is real, he is making larger profits out of Aeroplane stock than the new 'Corporation Regulation Act' permits—in honesty. On the other hand, if the pearls are false, it is to be concluded that he is surreptitiously advertising bad wares for good ones, and working on the cupidity of the public—striving, in other words, by false pretenses, to induce the unwary and easily corrupted to purchase Aeroplane stock—suspicioned, naturally, under these circumstances, to be only ordinarily remunerative. In truth, take it either way you will, he may be accused of attacking the morality of the community—never too secure.

You know, where the large fish bite the little fish nibble. The same characteristic which prompts a mechanic's wife to buy and wear a shoddy copy of a fifty





dollar head dress also dictates to the small investor all sorts of petty irregular business ventures. This class can't resist the temptation of appearing what it is not — *i.e.*, smart men of affairs. As a consequence our courts are ever encumbered with innumerable petty law suits of the pettiest of thievery — usually called sharp practice.

Now, as the representative of the *Evening Racket*, a paper devoted to public interests and morality, it was very natural that I should desire to discover a way of solving the much mooted question about the nature of this set of pearls. We had consulted together in solemn conclave repeatedly. It has been suggested that the necklace be seized in a regular legal manner — by due process of law — a search warrant and all that, formally sworn to. But while the 'Corporation Regulation Act' makes it very easy to issue search warrants — where corporate interests are concerned — it also places a very heavy penalty against any irregularity or error. And if you will bear in mind that no one excepting, perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. X —, knows precisely the value of the pearls — whether they are real or false — you will see that we ran extreme danger in describing them in the



legal papers. I see that you appreciate the difficulty—we might have said, or written, pearls, when they were only paste balls.

Oh, yes! we might have taken a chance; but you must remember that the present administration is suspected to be close to 'corporate interests': and again, as the *Evening Racket* has pointed out, there is a joker in 'The Corporation Regulation Act'—there usually is one. Our legislatures are mostly made up of men who are merely smart. It takes exceptional genius to construct an ordinance regulating the universe. But this is neither here nor there.

As I was saying, all these things and moves absorbed my whole attention as I was walking up your street. In truth I almost ran into you in my preoccupation with them. That was just enough to bring me within the line of real action. So when I passed you by I impulsively entered the vestibule of Mr. X——'s residence. I tried the door knob on a venture. The door was unfastened. Some careless person had left the latch open. He or she—as the case may be—not having a latch key, had fixed the lock so the house could be re-entered without a key. The arrangement was undoubtedly intended as



momentary ; but it was sufficiently permanent for my purpose. Mr. and Mrs. X—— were not at home. That I knew, because I had just left the Adonis Club dance. They were there ; and Mrs. X—— wore no pearl necklace."

Here Pourquoi Pas stopped. He reached over and clutched the beautiful jewels in his hand as if he would wrench them apart. Then he plunged his head into his hands leaving the gems to ripple over hair and face like some fantastic veil. I felt he was about to sob out aloud, but he did not ; he seemed to become drowned in thought. "Ah !" murmured he, after a moment or two "If it had not been for that donkey of a watchman !"

The ways of Pourquoi Pas were so devious that I had come to believe he would prefer to enter a labyrinth than follow a straight road. So I pictured to myself his next ruse — but I won't tell you of that. It would only confuse you — being so utterly different from the reality.

All of a sudden he lifted his head, threw out his hands — from which the pearl necklace still dangled — and grabbed my shoulders in a nervous clutch. The pearls festooned themselves over my breast. And I would have recoiled in terror only he held me as in a



wise. Then, before I could speak, he exclaimed : " I have it ! You can — you will help me ! "

" Never ! " said I, wrenching myself loose.

" Never, Monsieur Beaucoup, is a long time — very like tomorrow — "

" Well ! " was my reply, " there is no time so long that it would find me aiding, abetting, or occupied in burglary. "

" Not if you were sure you could assist the great public in uncovering fraud ? " he asked quietly.

" Two wrongs do not make a right — or does your philosophy include an apology for those who turn State's evidence to save their hides — and stealings ? " I asked.

He seemed to be amused rather than impressed by my argument ; still he favored it, insomuch that he told me in a distant way : ' I was quite astray ; he had no intention of apologising for burglary or blackmail, prompted by avarice or envy. '

" In fact, " continued he, " the burglary, in the case in point, was only technical. I had no desire to possess these gems for their intrinsic value as property. It was my wish only to assist — or rather force — the government to expose Mr. X — 's rascality. And now I will say again, you will help us in this great endeavor ? "



"No !" said I, doggedly this time.

"No !" repeated he, with a shrug of the shoulder,  
"You are brief ; but I say you shall !"

And with this he reached backward with his right hand and before I knew what was next to happen a revolver rubbed my nose. I was that near to one of the five chambers of death in that pistol that my heart stopped short, gave a flutter or two, and appeared to have left me entirely. I would have gone to the Morgue out of sheer fright instead of coming here else *Pourquoi* Pas had not immediately dropped the gun.

"Will you, at least?" gravely asked he, "say nothing of the necklace for a month?"

My heart had begun again with mighty thumps, so I managed to say unsteadily that if he killed me he would have two charges against his name instead of one.

"So easy," he laughed, "to claim that you committed suicide — having been caught with the pearls on your person."

Having said so much, he called my attention to the pistol. I looked at it carelessly — as carelessly as I could under the circumstances. But my semblance of indifference vanished instantly my eyes caught the exact shape



of it. It was mine, and was, as I supposed to that moment, reposing in my bureau drawer.

"Where ! where did you get it ?" I managed to shake out.

"Where do you suppose," said he, "but in your house ?—thought I might need it !"

I now looked upon Pourquoi Pas with a more timorous interest. Fear of him rather than a general skepticism towards his personality filled me up to the throat. I grew faint with a sort of creeping sickness, as it were. He was either the devil incarnate or a moralist on the war path. I really and truly now believe he would have murdered me by preference—and trusted the outcome to what we call luck.

No, you must not try to anticipate the finale of Pourquoi Pas' passage. As I said, you will be obliged to follow this story by his devious and tortuous ways. As you see, no blood was spilled from my carcass. Still, before long I did promise to keep his secret for forty-eight hours. And having gained so much he turned from me and proceeded leisurely to go to bed.

Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake, O Spring !  
O child of many winds ! As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;  
Like genius, or like joy which riseth up  
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds  
The desert of our life.

*“ Prometheus Unbound ” — Percy Bysshe Shelley*





Mural Decoration by Botticelli



## Not the Biggest Exhibition : The Richest. The Most Magical

BY PAUL EDWARDS



AN FRANCISCO, destined to become one of the three greatest commercial seaports of the world, and often spoken of as a future center of literature and art, would have a "World's Fair." In form it is not yet even in the chrysalis state ; it is a mere vision : so it is *apropos* at the moment to ask in all seriousness : What is to be the conception of the Panama-Pacific Exposition ? During nineteen hundred and fifteen, are the eyes of the world to be focussed upon our city by reason of its huge show ; or are they



to be turned this way because it has accomplished a marvel in beauty? Is mere size to have chief attention in unfolding the venture. To date we hear nothing but: "The Biggest Fair The World Has Seen."

It may be true that San Francisco's Exposition should stand in the first rank in the matter of physical magnitude; still it could well be somewhat smaller than either that of Chicago or St. Louis — the largest as yet created,— and should endure like the rarest gems, as the memory of the fragrance of the fairest rose clings to the delighted senses.

Works reared by the hand of man are large only in comparison with self: they are puny things at their utmost, in cubits, in comparison with nature's efforts. If the wanderer at our threshold seeks vastness, there are the towering peaks of the Sierras, Mount Shasta, the red woods, the deeply graven Yosemite, and the richest of valleys, which sweep for leagues through the State. And there is the Pacific Ocean, which laps three continents. Our pigmy hands can not compete with these in a matter of size, even if all the peoples of the earth and its treasure houses were behind them. It would be well in this particular matter to recognize our limitations early in



the game, and strive for the better, and fortunately, the more possible things. It is a propitious occasion then to preach the gospel of art and beauty; so you, gentle reader, will pardon me if sermons in beautiful stone rather than orations in mountains of concrete are dwelt upon herein.

In truth, we should allow the rebuilding of our city, in the marvellously short period of three years, to stand as our crowning feat in the exercise of energy in brute force—seeking in the creation of the *ensemble* of the Exhibition that other outlet of man's creative faculty—the love of the beautiful.

To arouse the desire to accomplish this is next door to accomplishment. To realize it within the full meaning it is essential to stimulate and use what natural genius for art we possess—which is not a little, or San Francisco rebuilt would be ugly indeed—considering the stress and haste of the rehabilitation.

Patriotism is a lovely sentiment; it is well to give freely without thought of remuneration: but unfortunately even architects and artists “must live.” So, if the management of the coming Fair has a care for more than a show of hulk, it would be well to start early and



offer some inducement for our architects to get busy. And I would add that in nothing else would it be so cordially supported by the community in general. The casket should be ours—all ours; and when it is said that it should be all ours it is meant that it should represent the aspirations of all of us, and not merely those of a few Fair promoters. The whole well of California's imagery should be sounded, and a fair thing set in our midst, that the visitor shall not think the arts have gone into beggary because San Francisco has chosen to build extravagantly, stupendously, and regardless.

Now, beauty costs but infinite pains; it is concrete, and steel, and staff which cost money. So let us strive to make the casket beautiful, with an infinity of pains, with much wit. Then, perhaps we can induce the world at large to pour into it its choicest offerings. Having done so, by a master stroke we would have driven the city to its goal—to its destiny as a center of art and literature—by one blow. Taking the other course, yielding to the commonplace conception of creating a vast hulk only we would undoubtedly be left but a financial catastrophe, and a heap of rubbish as a reminder that we had held a "Panama-Pacific Exposition."





Mary. By Martin Schaffner  
Pinakothek, Munich

## Philopolis

**I**T is a matter of common history that the "High Officials" of most World's Fairs become so intoxicated by the air of social prominence in which they are temporarily cast, that they do not see the sharp games of thrifty underlings around them. Scandals without number have come about this way. Women have been insulted because they would not buy worthless wares of terrible Turks. Foreign medal winners have been mulcted before they could get the medals awarded them. Extortionate fees have been exacted from visitors for petty services and conveniences. Concessionnaires have robbed the unwary and abused every privilege. In truth these matters in late "Fairs" have become so much the rule that "World's Fairs" are beginning to be viewed in the light of a huge bunco game. So it would be well for the management of the Panama-Pacific Exposition to start early, not only in stimulating the desire for a beautiful creation rather than a bulky one, but to advertise a general sentiment against "World's Fair" abuses in other directions.







HE first move — the gathering of San Francisco's subscriptions for her Exhibition, has been brilliantly performed ; and even if one is opposed to "World's Fairs" in general, and all they represent, he must acknowledge that the first trick was marvellously played.

As one has said, that impromptu meeting where some four millions of dollars were subscribed within the short space of two hours, represents months of hard, exacting labor on the part of the committees in charge. If San Franciscans can do that much, as a matter of pains, they surely can give the graceful climax herein appealed for, as it only requires the right thought and the right preparation at the right time. I would love to see an "impromptu World's Fair " where Bulk lays flat and Beauty reigns : to the confusion of the concessionnaire and the terrible Turk. Such would be truly Californian, and worthy of San Francisco drained treasure houses.

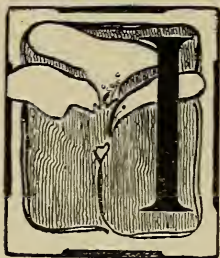




## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion

(Continued from APRIL).



FEAR that I watched my unsought companion prepare for bed, in sullen humor: but he was too much absorbed in self, until well tucked in, to notice my condition. Having at last quite satisfied himself that all was well and comfortable—as good as possible under the circumstances—he twisted his head in my direction and abruptly asked ‘if I believed in mental suggestion—the domination of the stronger or more persistent mind over the looser ones?’

‘Monsieur Pourquoi Pas,’ said I, ‘anything after you is believable.’

He gurgled an impolite assent, and I trusted that, maybe, he would go to sleep without further comment, but I missed my guess.

‘Yes,’ he began again, ‘I myself would believe the



comet's tail to be of chicken feathers if any man convincing enough should assure me of that fact. In truth, one might be led to believe the comet itself to be very like a green dragon — red feelers and all. All depends on the other fellow. Our thoughts are very like a flock of sheep — always following a master leader around. And, I might add, that all our troubles come about when we get "square headed" and refuse to follow *the master*."

Here memory revived some of my late experiences. It came back to me that during the last few hours I had acted several times contrary to my own leadership. I wondered why Beaucoup had insisted itself upon me as an alias. Could it be possible that Pourquoi Pas had — pooh! the notion was too absurd. Therefore and therewith I turned my attention strictly upon my cell mate, who had been chattering vigorously, as if I were truly listening. As I did so, he was saying :

'All locomotion, or progress, as they say, is but a sequence of suggestions put into action. Everything begins in suggestion and ends in action, or fermentation. The end of such sequence is that point in a circle where an original suggestion slaps an antagonistic action in the mug, so to speak.'



'What would you call that in popular terminology,' said I, 'a busted flush, or an unfilled straight?'

'I am not familiar with poker and such,' he replied, 'life is game enough for me. The necessities of life suggests to man that he shelter himself and his and that he lay by a store for an unfortunate harvest season. The fact that some are careless and improvident suggests that others, more provident, should lay by more than they shall ever need, to keep men from starvation during a lean year. Then, all in due time, some one carelessly remarks that Mr. A—— is getting rich. This in turn is taken up and it is said that Mr. A—— is getting too rich. This suggests to another that if Mr. A—— is getting too rich, something must be wrong, as Mr. B—— is very poor, and yet, quite industrious. Therefore it is hinted by another, with venom on the tongue, that Mr. A—— has robbed Mr. B——. This in turn brings about a coldness between Mr. A—— and Mr. B——; and Mr. C——, a willing proletariat, clamors for alms from Mr. A——, with never the intention of working at all. In the meantime Mr. B—— starves or commits race suicide, while the proletariat (grafter) grows fat on the "benevolence" of Mr. A——.'



'And how,' said I, 'do you compromise this finale with your pursuit of Mr. A——, who I assume is Mr. X—— in another personality?'

Again Pourquoi gurgled and told me that I was too inquisitive by far, and turned over. Five minutes later heavy, regular breathing told me he was asleep.

I was now alone, to all purposes. So I also began to prepare for the rest of the night; but no peace was to come just yet. There came a knock on the door, a key grated, and the turnkey entered followed by an officer. The latter looked me over, frowned, and stepped to Pourquoi Pas' cot. He leaned over him for a moment, then shook him. The sleeper faced the officer, drowsily, muttering: 'What's the matter?'

'Matter enough,' growled the officer, 'you are wanted below.'

'Gee!' said Pourquoi, 'what for?'

'How do I know? How do I know any better than you?'

'Oh! well, wait 'til tomorrow!' With this Pourquoi would have turned to the wall again, but the officer insisted in whispered tones.

'You don't say!' said Pourquoi, 'Well, I will be with you in a minute.'



In another five or six turns of the second hand I was alone in reality. All three, sans ceremony, made their exit, and the key again was grated in the lock. And from somewhere a clock chimed the hour of six. It neared sunrise. I had had a lovely night, to be sure. But the quiet oppressed me, so I fell over on the cot and was soon asleep.

### THE FIRST DAY.

"The next day" is likely to bring a taste in the mouth very near the shade of brown. But I awoke with a taste of even more sombre hue than brown. Grey would not describe it, for grey is a lovely, peaceful color. Brick dust and a purplish blue might give you the sensation I would like to suggest as my condition on that "morning after". However, I got up and in a weak sort of fashion wandered over to a window, high above the floor and well guarded with bars. It was just possible, with the aid of a stool, to rest the chin on the window sill. But what was the use of looking out. There was nothing to see but a huge brick wall opposite—evidently a part of the prison. I was indeed alone and lonesome in a world, to me at the time, of mere noise





Ghiberti Gate, Florence

*"They are so beautiful, that they are worthy of being  
the gates of Paradise."*—MICHAEL ANGELO.





and brick walls. You see I could hear sounds coming from the corridors and from the streets—somewhere beneath my cell. Yes, my cell, for it was my cell—no one else appearing to want it.

From the window I began to pace the floor. I tried to think of the night before, but it was little use. Visions of my wife and friends constantly interposed themselves and destroyed all sequence in the events of the last few hours. I could not sum them up and get a tangible climax to the argument of *Pourquoi Pas'*, and my little play. So there was nothing else to do but ponder over my wife and friends, and speculate upon what they might do—or might have done, after noting my mysterious disappearance.

I was engaged in inventing probable efforts on their part in my behalf when the cell door opened again. I did not hear a key turn in the lock, so you may guess that the appearance of a couple of officers on my threshold seemed rather sudden. We looked somewhat searchingly and doubtful at one another for a moment or so. Then one of the officers said: "Mr. Jack, the chief would like to see you in the office." At this my heart jumped and the glow of hope warmed me.



'I will go immediately,' said I, quite oblivious to the fact that there was no choice. Silently we tramped along one corridor after another. Turn after turn was made until I began to think we could never arrive anywhere. But all in time the officers stopped at a caged doorway. It was an elevator entrance. I could not remember having taken an elevator the evening before. In truth nothing came back very clearly excepting *Pourquoi Pas*. So the whole aspect of the prison was like a new experience. But I will not trouble you with any detailed description of the place. It is enough to say that we finally—after dropping several stories—arrived in the presence of the Chief, who, with several other official looking individuals in the room, nodded to me in a rather curious fashion, as I felt at the time. It would have been more in the line of my expectations to have been greeted warmly—as became a greeting to Mr. Jack, the well-known painter. I would have accepted an apology for my duration in the jail as a matter of course. But to be merely nodded to was like dashing ice water on warm hope. I looked around for a little encouragement; but only an air of indefinite curiosity expressed itself in all eyes. Even the presence of my late com-



panion would have relieved my growing anxiety—for I was getting anxious. And, I believe if the Chief had not addressed me forthwith I should have attempted flight.

'Mr. Jack,' he began, 'you were arrested late last night on grave suspicion. At what time did you leave your club—I believe you were there—is it not so?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I left at ten o'clock.'

The chief glanced at the others inquiringly; then he asked if I went straight home. I said yes, and began to tell him of my experience, when he told me rather brusquely that he would hear all that in due course.

'Mr. Beaucoup,' said he, 'has described his encounter with you and the watchman.'

'Mr. Beaucoup!' I ejaculated, in consternation.

'Yes, Mr. Beaucoup,' returned the captain, somewhat sarcastically. 'You were in a facetious humor last night, were you not—or was it wine?'

'I don't understand you,' I blurted out.

'No! well—it's not the first time I have been misunderstood—in a case of this kind. To be quite clear, Mrs. X—— missed her pearl necklace last evening on returning home, and immediately notified this office ;



and you were arrested as you were making your exit from Mr. X——'s doorway.'

The accusative part of this speech was launched at me like a chain of lightning, and intended, I presume, to kill, but I laughed outright.

'What!' thundered the captain, 'you laugh. Do you take me for the watchman, that you grow hilarious over the serious matter of theft, in this place!'

For answer I told him that there was every ground for amusement. 'Last night,' I said, 'I was Monsieur Beaucoup—and now—'

'Take the fool back to his cell,' snapped the chief, 'til he sobers up. I verily believe he was, and is, drunk!'

And back to my cell we went by the same tortuous and devious way of our coming to the Chief. I was not there long before an attendant brought me a breakfast—such as it was. I ate it regardless; and when the attendant returned for the dishes and remnants, he dawdled around as if to invite me to say something. But I only watched him in silence. Finally he looked at me over the shoulder and in a shifty manner remarked: 'It would have been a rich haul if you had got away with the swag.'



'You are a trusty, are you not?' I asked blandly.

'Yep,' said he, 'hope you'll find the same job to your liking.'

I would have thrown him out, but he escaped like a mosquito. Strange, I thought, these people all treat me as a matter of course—as if I were really a thief. And I went on wondering if all the world would accept me from thereon in the same spirit. But much time was not given me to ponder deeply over this, for the turnkey came again with the information that Mrs. Jack was in the general visiting room, and would like to see me.

Now. Mrs. Jack is a very correct—a very right woman. Her periods of warmth are ever with a touch of the stage. That is to say, they are well formed and dispassionately considered and lived out, as it were. She never made a good model because she could not be natural if she tried. So, as I followed the attendant, I figured out just what was to be the relative position of us two in the coming "interview"—for "interview" I was sure it was to be—a sort of questioning on her part. Therefore when we were face to face I was not surprised to find her collected and statuesque. Only a little drawing in of the under lip, as if she were about to bite a



piece out, gave a sign that she was alive to the situation. This was Mrs. Jack on all occasions when not quite pleased — and a bit nervous.

I broke the still air with 'Good morning, Hattie!' It was enough. The storm broke. Hattie threw herself into a chair and sobbed hysterically. At the next moment I expected her to accuse me of destroying her whole respectable career; but she did not. All she said was to tell me pathetically: "You might have telephoned me."

Can you imagine a more subtle catastrophe to a life story. "You might have telephoned me." That is Hattie to the death. I could have gone merry over the situation, but we might as well slide over the rest of that remarkable interview; for it finished itself without any unusually strenuous incident. As Hattie disappeared through the doorway, a middle aged and important person signified a desire to speak with me. I turned inquiringly towards him and was met with a fulsome greeting and a business card, I glanced at it; it read. "Mr. J. D. Pete, Attorney-at-Law."

Said I, 'You have the advantage of me; what can I do for you?'



He held up his hands, palms towards me, and assured me that he was there to assist me in my present distress, and not to ask for favors.

'You will need a lawyer,' he added. 'I can assure you that I have had much success with cases like yours.'

'Have you?' I returned. 'Can it be that you are acquainted with a certain Mr. Pourquoi Pas?'

'Ha! ha!' laughed he, 'that's the name you gave last night at the police station! It was very droll. You are a droll fellow, sure!'

'I did not!' passionately exclaimed I, 'that was the alias given by the burglar. I gave the name of Beaucoup, Paul Beaucoup.'

Here the lawyer backed a little and glanced towards the door rather anxiously. Then he gave another choking noise, intended for an expression of amusement, I suspicioned.

'Mr. Jack,' he said, after clearing his throat, 'this is an impossible position for you to take, as Mr. Paul Beaucoup is —'

But he never finished the sentence, as a brace of officers hastily entered the room, clipped it short and separated us without ceremony.





I don't know what became of Mr. Pete; for they hastily returned me to my cell, with the gentle admonition that 'twould be better for me if I were to cease talking to everybody who came along. I assured my adviser of my future circumspection in that regard, and was again left in solitude and to my own devices.

Not being cursed with a morbid disposition, the solitude did not plunge me into a pessimistic condition. The more I thought of late happenings the higher my spirits rose in exuberant and humorous fancy. My eyes almost welled tears of mirth rather than of grief as one incident followed the other in memory. The watchman was absurd; the captain was absurd; the Chief was irritatingly foolish, to incompetency; my wife behaved like a ninny; the lawyer was ridiculous, and Pourquoi Pas a hair-brained idiot. Among all these different specimens of various stages of human development in social order, I was caught in the meshes of "the Law." That was a fact. Aside from Hattie, I was quite positive that not one of the whole group was honest enough to keep him from picking the pennies from a dead man's eyes. And yet, I was there in jail, among such and on the verge of being tried for the crime of stealing a pearl necklace



I had never voluntarily touched. You may think it was not an occasion for humorous speculation on past and future. Still you may be assured that nothing but the absurdity of my position and the abject lack of mentality on the part of my captors—or accusers—affected me. It was true, I thought, they might land me in the penitentiary for a period of years. But, as I was in jail, the terrors of the jail had vanished for me. The night before I had feared prison gates out of fear of losing my respectability. I had lost that, and having nothing else, I feared nothing. Therefore, when the Chief was to call me down again for grilling, I was ready to meet the beggar on equal ground—so I thought, in that joyous period of real philosophy.

*(To be continued)*



Given Orpheus, with this law: Till thou  
the bound

Of pale Avernus pass, if back thou cast  
Thy careful eyes, thou losest what thou hast.  
A steep ascent, dark, thick with fogs, they climb  
Through everlasting Silence. By this time  
Approach the confines of illustrious Light.  
Fearing to lose, and longing for a sight,  
His eyes the impatient lover backward threw:  
When she, back-sliding, presently withdrew.

Ovid's *Metamorphosis*—Tenth Book



Orpheus, Eurydice and Mercury  
National Museum, Naples.



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## Ancient and Honourable Practices

*By J. D'Israeli*



THE following extracts from Sir George Mackenzie's tract on Solitude are eloquent and impressive, and merit to be rescued from that oblivion which surrounds many writers, whose genius has not been effaced, but concealed by the transient crowd of their posterity:—

“I have admired to see persons of virtue and humour long much to be in the city, where, when they come they found nor sought for no other divertisement than to visit one another; and there to do nothing else than to



make legs, view others habit, talk of the weather, or some such pitiful subject, and it may be, if they made a farther inroad upon any other affair, they did so pick one another, that it afforded them matter of eternal quarrel; for what was at first but an indifferent subject, is by interest adopted into the number of our quarrels. — What pleasure can be received by talking of new fashions, buying and selling of lands, advancement or ruin of favorites, victories or defeats of strange princes, which is the ordinary subject of ordinary conversation? Most desire to frequent their superiors, and these men must either suffer their raillery, or must not be suffered to continue in their society: if we converse with them who speak with more address than ourselves, then we repine equally at our own dullness, and envy the acuteness that accomplishes the speaker; or, if we converse with duller animals than ourselves, then we are weary to draw the yoke alone, and fret at our being in ill company; but if chance blows us in amongst our equals, then we are so at guard to catch all advantages, and so interested in point d'honneur, that it rather cruciates than recreates us. How many make themselves cheap by these occasions whom we had valued highly if they





had frequented us less ! And how many frequent persons who laugh at that simplicity which the addresser admires in himself as wit, and yet both recreate themselves with double laughers ? ”

In solitude, he addresses his friend :— “ My dear Celador, enter into your own breast, and there survey the several operations of your own soul, the progress of your passions, the strugglings of your appetite, the wanderings of your fancy, and ye will find, I assure you, more variety in that one piece than there is to be learned in all the courts of Christendom. Represent to yourself the last age, all the actions and interests in it, how much this person was infatuated with zeal, that person with lust ; how much one pursued honour, and another riches ; and in the next thought draw that scene, and represent them all turned to dust and ashes ! ”





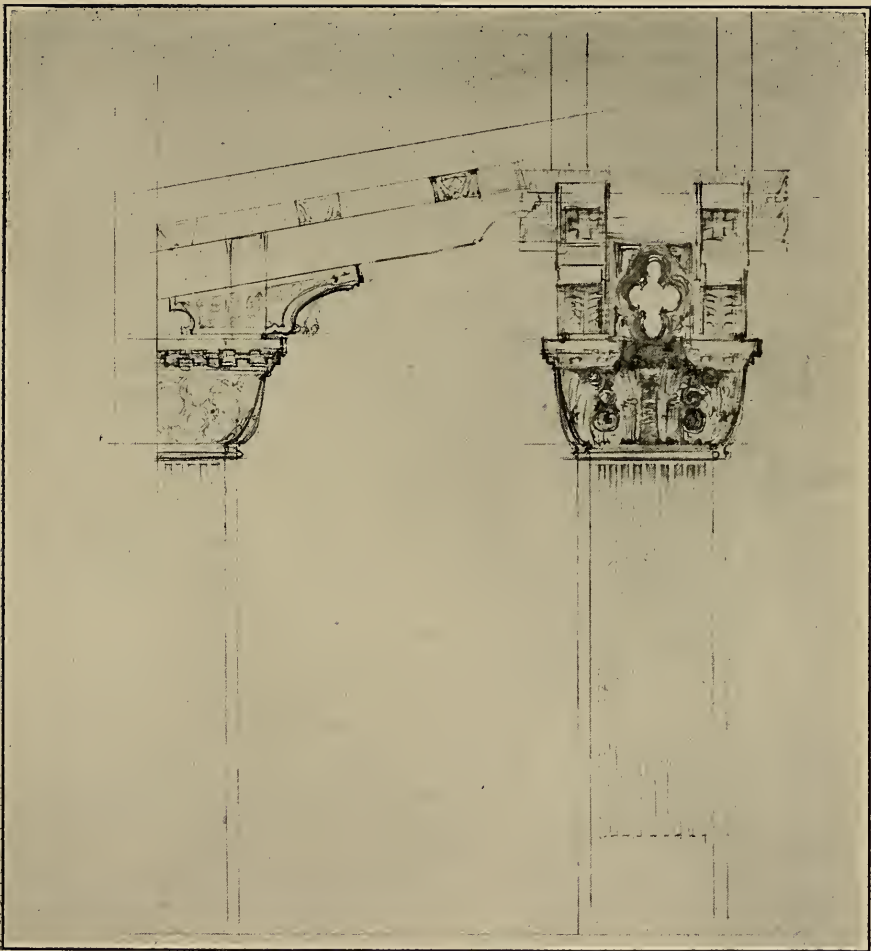


## Usurers of the Seventeenth Century



PERSON whose history will serve as a canvas to exhibit some scenes of the arts of the money-trader was one AUDLEY, a lawyer, and a great practical philosopher, who concentrated his vigorous faculties in the science of the relative value of money. He flourished through the reigns of James I., Charles I., and held a lucrative office in the "court of wards."

When yet but a clerk to the Clerk in the Counter, frequent opportunities occurred which Audley knew how to improve. He became a money-trader as he had become a law-writer, and the fears and follies of mankind were to furnish him with a trading-capital. The fertility of his genius appeared in expedients and in quick contrivances. He was sure to be the friend of all men falling out. He took a deep concern in the affairs of his master's clients, and often much more than they were aware of. No man so ready at procuring bail or



*A Study in Detail.*

B. R. MAYBECK, *Architect*



compounding debts, This was a considerable traffic then, as now. They hired themselves out for bail, swore what was required, and contrived to give false addresses, which is now called leg-bail. They dressed themselves out for the occasion: a great seal-ring flamed on the finger, which, however, was pure copper gilt, and they often assumed the name of some person of good credit. Savings, and small presents for gratuitous opinions, often afterwards discovered to be very fallacious ones, enabled him to purchase annuities of easy landlords, with their treble amount secured on their estates. The improvident owners, or the careless heirs, were soon entangled in the usurer's nets: and, after the receipt of a few years, the annuity, by some latent quibble, or some irregularity in the payments, usually ended in Audley's obtaining the treble forfeiture. He could at all times out-knave a knave. One of these incidents has been preserved. A draper, of no honest reputation, being arrested by a merchant for a debt of £200, Audley bought the debt at £40, for which the draper immediately offered him £50. But Audley would not consent, unless the draper indulged a sudden whim of his own: this was a formal contract, that the draper should pay within



twenty years, upon twenty certain days, a penny doubled. A knave, in haste to sign, is no calculator: and, as the contemporary dramatist describes one of the arts of those citizens, one part of whose business was

“To swear and break; they all grow rich by breaking!”

the draper eagerly compounded. He afterwards “grew rich.” Audley, silently watching his victim, within two years, claims his doubled pennies, every month during twenty months. The pennies had now grown up to pounds. The knave perceived the trick, and preferred paying the forfeiture of his bond for £500, rather than to receive the visitation of all the little generation of compound interest in the last descendant of £2,000, which would have closed with the draper’s shop.

The *gull* is a young man whose father, a citizen or a squire, just dead, leaves him “ten or twelve thousand pounds in ready money, besides some hundreds a-year.” Scouts are sent out, and lie in ambush for him: they discover what “apothecarie’s shop he resorts to every morning, or in what tobacco-shop in Fleet street he takes a pipe of smoke in the afternoon:” the usual resorts of the loungers of that day. Some sharp wit of



the Ordinarie, a pleasant fellow, whom Robert Greene calls the "taker-up," one of universal conversation, lures the heir of seven hundred a-year to "The Ordinarie." A *gull* sets the whole aviary in spirits; and Decker well describes the flutter of joy and expectation: "The *leaders* maintained themselves brave; the *forlorn-hope*, that drooped before, doth now gallantly come on; the *eagle* feathers his nest; the *wood-pecker* picks up the crumbs; the *gull-groper* grows fat with good feeding; and the *gull* himself, at whom every one has a pull, hath in the end scarce feathers to keep his back warm."

During the *gull's* progress through Primero and Gleek, he wants for no admirable advice and solemn warnings from two excellent friends: the *gull-groper*, and, at length, the *impostor*. The *gull-groper*, who knows, "to half an acre," all his means, takes the *gull* when out of luck, to a side-window, and in a whisper talks of "dice being made of women's bones, which would cozen any man;" but he pours his gold on the board: and a bond is rapturously signed for the next quarter-day. But the *gull-groper*, by a variety of expedients, avoids having the bond duly discharged; he contrives to get a judgment, and a serjeant with his



mace procures the forfeiture of the bond : the treble value. But the "impostor" has none of the milkiness of the "*gull-groper*," — he looks for no favor under heaven from any man ; he is bluff with all the Ordinarie ; he spits at random ; gingles his spurs into any man's cloak ; and his "humour" is, to be a devil of a dare-all. All fear him as the tyrant they must obey. The tender *gull* trembles, and admires this roysterer's valour. At length the devil he feared becomes his champion ; and the poor *gull*, proud of his intimacy, hides himself under this *eagle's* wings.

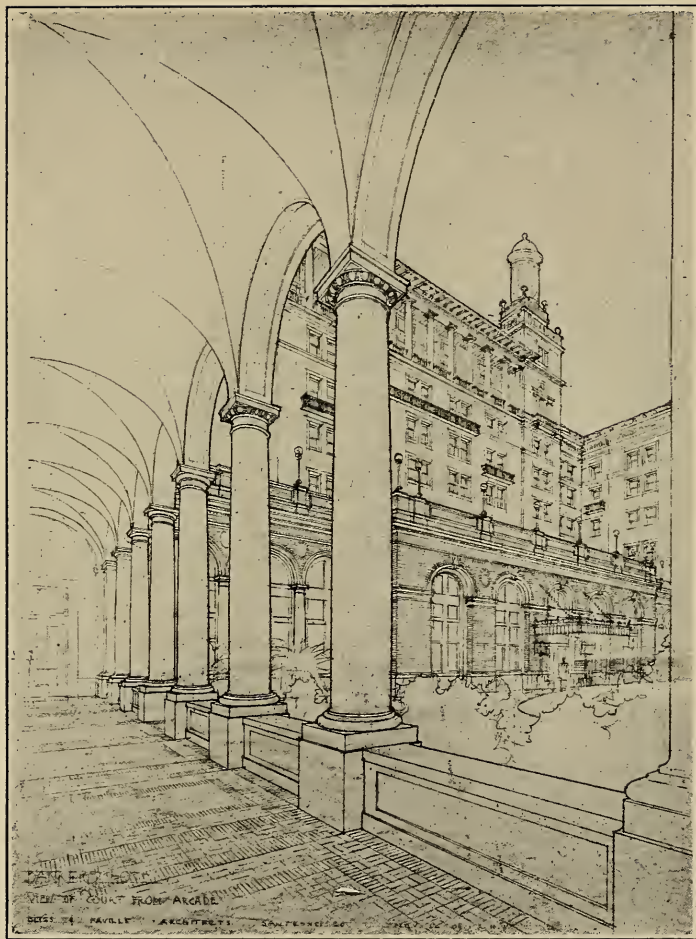
The *impostor* sits close by his elbow, takes a partnership in his game, furnishes the stakes when out of luck, and in truth does not care how fast the gull loses : for a twirl of his mustachio, a tip of his nose, or a wink of his eye, drives all the losses of the gull into the profits of the grand confederacy at the Ordinarie. And when the impostor has fought the gull's quarrels many a time, at last he kicks up the table ; and the gull sinks himself into the class of the forlorn-hope : he lives at the mercy of his late friends the gull-groper and the impostor.

Such were the *hells* of our ancestors, from which our worthies might take a lesson.



**T** is an important principle in morals and in politics, not to mistake the cause for the pretext, nor the pretext for the cause, and by this means to distinguish between the concealed and the ostensible motive. On this principle history might be recomposed in a new manner ; it would not often describe *circumstances* and *characters* as they usually appear. When we mistake the characters of men, we mistake the nature of their actions, and we shall find in the study of secret history, that some of the most important events in modern history were produced from very different motives than their ostensible ones. Polybius, the most philosophical writer of the ancients, has marked out this useful distinction of *cause* and *pretext*, and aptly illustrates the observation by the facts which he explains. Amilcar, for instance, was the first author and contriver of the second Punic war, though he died ten years before the commencement of it. "A statesman," says the wise and grave historian, "who knows not how to trace the origin of events, and discern the different sources from whence they take their rise, may be compared to a physician who neglects to inform himself of the causes of those distempers which he is called in to cure."





**Bankers Hotel. Oakland.**  
BLISS & FAVILLE, Architects.



## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion

(Continued from MAY).



O, the Chief did not call me to his inner office that day, nor for days after. Save the occasional visits of the prison attendants, my lot in those times ran in a lonesome groove; so, life began to pall a bit; the monotony and ungracious atmosphere around impelled me to yearn for almost anything that promised diversion. In truth, my mouth was beginning to droop at the corners, the gay coat of many colors philosophy once wore had begotten a rusty hue in the murkiness of the cell: when I was made aware that my father-in-law and Mr. Green, a well known criminal lawyer, and legal adviser of the former, would be allowed to consult with me.

These gentlemen — much to my delight and the too evident suspicion of the prison “authorities” — came almost immediately. So plain was the attitude of the



latter towards us that we all remarked it, the moment we were alone.

'There is every reason why they should be suspicious,' my father-in-law explained; 'they have exercised undue vigilance in keeping people away from you: they do not appear to know that an accused has some rights left—the right of advice of counsel, at least.'

'Yes,' the lawyer added, 'we have had some considerable difficulty in convincing them that police officials and the public prosecutor are not the whole machinery of justice in this country, just yet.'

Having thus begun the interview, the visitors proceeded to give me—what they thought to be—a general and comprehensive review of my case, and how the public took the matter. But, in reality, all I gathered from them of consequence to me was, that about the only person who believed in my innocence of crime was Mrs. X—; and, for this, a certain journal had published all sorts of rumors and innuendoes reflecting on her honor, her chastity, and broadly hinted: 'Jack may be only a tool used for the consummation of a specious burglary.'

At this turn in affairs, you may imagine my discomfi-



ture : I looked at Mrs. Jack's papa with the expectation of receiving some chastisement at his hands ; but, in place of the expected, his eyes were filled with moisture.

Now, Mrs. Jack's papa and I had never been the best of friends, merely because at first, he had not believed me to be the right sort—as the husband of his expensively nurtured and elaborately educated daughter. That time and grim fate together have shown his point of view to be the right one, it is quite needless to enlarge upon. It were enough to grow up in a purely epehmeral commercial environment ; but to have one's education polished off amidst all the pomp and gilt glory of academic mummary—receiving at the end, a degree of M.A., D.D.L. ? or P.D.Q.,—if not truly earned by exceptional merit—is not conducive to simple understanding ; neither does it promise for permanent values, nor for steadiness of purpose in anything. Mrs. Jack's papa, while not acute enough to see the ultimate of his daughter's double education, was, nevertheless, world wise enough to know that a deliberately educated faculty for waste, when coupled with indifference to money values, is apt to ride to bankruptcy, if not to the devil. However, letting that pass for what it is worth, my dis-



covery of moisture in my father-in-law's eyes made me aware that on certain grounds all men are alike—and all woman the enemy of man. So, my hand was extended with many protestations of innocence; he returned the sentiment with equal warmth, but spoiled it all by saying: "I never believed Mrs. X—— capable of such perfidy." I thanked him for his confidence—in Mrs. X——; but his mind was far off; no notice was taken of my pleasant irony; he drifted away into generalities of no moment. Where he would have landed is beyond me, as Mr. Green interposed the remark: "It would perhaps be well to get down to business."

"Yes," mechanically repeated the other, "down to business. Jack's guilt is unbelievable,—else he were out of his head."

"Just so," said Mr. Green, "else he were in a condition of temporary aberration of mind—and there's the whole line of defense,"

"The whole line of defense!" I gasped.

"Certainly," they chorused, "the whole line of defense."

'Gentlemen,' I pleaded, 'this is absurd; never in my life, can the time be recalled, when my condition—men-



tally and physically — were better.' But, as soon as the words were out of mouth, the realization came that such avowal impressed these hard-headed "men of business" about the same as if it was acknowledged, then and there : "All artists are moonstruck." They gave me little credit, in that sad hour, for else than a mild form<sup>2</sup><sub>4</sub> of lunacy ; so, the only position left was to retire on my dignity — which I did.

Whereat, accepting it as a surrender, Mr. Green placed his hands soothingly on my knees and proceeded to elucidate the case, as he expressed it. But the deeper he plunged into it the more involved and cloudier grew things until, on a venture, it was suggested that plain English would serve quite as well as "pig latin" in muddying the clear stream of understanding — not put exactly so — but so meant.

'Pray, sir,' said I, 'do not lose me after such fashion ; be assured, if any one was mad on that ever to be remembered evening, it was Pourquoi Pas.'

'Pourquoi Pas !' chorused they again, 'why that's the name — the nom de plume — you gave at the police station.'

'Never ! you are entirely at error,' I retorted — with



a show of heat, 'the name given by me was Beaucoup — Paul Beaucoup.'

If Green had, after a long struggle with a lying witness, at last trapped him, the expression of insolent triumph on his face could not have been duplicated in all its impudence, at this point. As to Mrs. Jack's papa he only opened his mouth wide in wondrous blankness; he could not grasp the trend of things. Therefore, the situation having become utterly hopeless, a respite was demanded for a day or so in order to think the whole matter over.

'Very well, sir,' said Mr. Green, 'but you will have to think lively; for you are on the eve of arraignment and indictment—not alone for theft, but also for certain other offences against society.'

'How so?' came the prompt question from me.

'How so?' repeated the lawyer. 'Easy enough, considering.'

'Considering what? As my proposed counsellor, will you kindly drop some of your suspicion—clarify the atmosphere of some of your mysticisms.'

This irritated him much—as you may believe—so all he returned was a grunt and a poor attempt at





facetiousness, which said as plain as words ; " It would take a medico, or the Almighty ; to bring the light to you."

He had settled the whole "business," as his sort settle all questions early in life ; I was guilty of something ; whether guilty of theft or guilty of differing from him—it made no odds—one "crime" was equal to the other. But my father-in-law—naturally more simple hearted—would not leave me after this cold fashion ; so he tried to explain :

'A moment ago you claimed to have given the name of Paul Beaucoup—and by the way, there is a droll story going the rounds ; it appears, a stupid police officer spelt his name as if it were the French word, "beau-coup."' Mrs. Jack's papa swelled at this point, mightily, as he was proud of a passing acquaintance with the French. 'But,' continued he, 'that is quite impossible, as Mr. Paul B-o-k-o is—'

The light flashed in upon me—I sought to explain : but the lawyer interjected : 'Bah ! impossible, the Chief says you were drunk ; we feel you were temporarily demented ; and, some hint there is a love affair—as your father-in-law suggests—that the whole matter was pre-arranged between—'



'Enough! enough!' I cried, 'leave me alone.'

Still the lawyer was inexorable; he continued: 'And there is much to substantiate this, for it is well-known that Mr. X—— discharged his regular watchman that very day—unbeknown to either Mrs. X—— or—'

Mrs. Jack's papa broke in here with an oath, informed me warmly of his great confidence in Mrs. X——'s fidelity to her marriage vows, vehemently declaring: 'She is incapable of it; and for you, Mr. Green, we agreed in favor of temporary aberration of mind, as the proper defence: I'm shocked that you bring in Mrs. X——'s name.'

'Well,' snapped the lawyer, 'and what's these love affairs anyhow?'

Since then I have laughed over that little exchange of repartee; but at the time I was fain to let them go without further ado; and they went, shaking with the gravity of the situation.

Although satisfied, at the moment, to see them depart, the instant their footsteps ceased resounding in the corridors, anxiety filled me; I would get at them again regardless of their limited imaginations, in spite of the unsatisfactory outcome of the previous hour. A thous-



and and one queries flooded in upon me. But, what would have been the use? So, torn with conflicting, contending emotions, I withdrew my eyes from the door, through which the gentlemen had made their exit, and began to pace the cell like some wild beast of the jungle who knew not why he was caged. My course went 'round and 'round, up on a stool—I did not look out—along the walls; nothing gave me a harder sensation—to the touch—than the heads of those “men of business.” Then a tangible plan presented itself. Why not engage another lawyer—why not my friend, that unmitigated ass, as Mr. Green addressed him—one “Goodboy,” a rising legal light?

“Goodboy” echoed the cell.

Here it might be well to explain that the acoustics of the cell were such that every time I spoke, the place rumbled in response to my voice; the whole room being filled with reverberations when I spoke loudly. When very lonesome, this peculiarity afforded me some distraction; but at the time it distracted me with a vengeance. Still my mutterings went on.

Mad as a March hare—suffering from temporary aberration of mind—crazy as a bed bug—and yet



closeted for a whole hour with Mrs. Jack's dear papa and his legal adviser, and no bones broken. Pourquoi Pas, alias Mr. Boko, the brilliant editor of the *New Era*. Yes, the cat is out of the bag; it was he—the—but why speak of it now? Even he would have been a blessing, with his vivid imagination—after the last interview. So my head ran on until further plans for action suggested. A truce had been patched up between the trusty and myself; the idea came that perhaps he would, in promise of a consideration, get word to Goodboy; the idea was ventured on; he was willing; and, in due time Goodboy came; he slapped me on the back and asked to be told the whole yarn; which I proceeded to do. At first he was amused; but when the middle was reached he yawningly requested a period to the "Tale of Woe."

'Your dear papa-in-law and his legal adviser don't fit this case,' he remarked, after some reflection, 'but you might just as well keep them on the string for a little longer—well meaning enough, in the beginning—but when it comes to elucidating anything worth while they are apt to get as involved as an unwound spool of cotton. And, by the way, have you any ready money?'



'Have you a check of the — Bank?' was my answer.

'No, but they are not far off.' One arrived, which was filled out, and passed over.

'Much, too much, Jack; however, the residue is easily returned.' Strange to relate, it was nearly all returned, the reason, maybe, why Mr. Green called Goodboy an irremediable — or was it — incomparable ass.

However, letting that pass, the effect of the check was almost electric; my meals were more regular, the trusty more polite, and the daily papers came as if the cell were home. The first paper brought me contained — but we will skip that till later; it would be better to start at the beginning, giving a general review of what the people thought, or rather, what they read of my adventure.

*(To be continued)*



There are who lord it o'er their fellow men  
With most prevailing tinsel; who unpen  
Their baaing vanities, to browse away  
The comfortable green and juicy hay  
From human pastures; or, O torturing fact!  
Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd  
Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe  
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes.

“*Endymion*” — John Keats.



Philopolis  
1910





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## Fat in the Flesh



BESITY, among some tribes in Africa, is the ultra-cult of female beauty. So fat, large and round do the beauties grow on an enforced diet of milk that they can not stand erect, but roll around in their migrations, or wallow on all fours. Ideals are apt to be but the queer; and all, when pushed to the ultimate expression, or deformity, lead on to a protoplasmic condition. It is by these routes, so to say, that humanity progresses the circle of existence; it is thus that highly cultured man often becomes enamored with the jelly fish, and is infatuated with a flatulent mental environment. So, when we



pound the pulpit in expounding our particular philosophy, hobby, fad, cult, or ideal, it is always well to bear in mind that everything has its ridiculous catastrophe, as well as its beautiful vista. Air castles we may build, but 'tis a dangerous play to throw stones in anger, out of the emptiness of such and at the flimsy play houses of our neighbor. "All is vanity." Still, this is no excuse for shoddily covering our mental or physical nudity.

Now, speaking from a purely personal standpoint, pugilism is an ugly occupation ; still, if we were to take the position that out of it there comes no good to the species, we are logically driven into the position that the manufacture of mirrors is a heinous crime against the race. And to oppose the first while accepting the second as a "necessary evil" might strike one as a rather absurd attitude — in the justification of evil.

"Where there is no ox the crib is clean" — but ?

**A** PROPOS to the much discussed subject of race suicide, it appears, the percentage of births among the swine herd only shows an increase of eleven per cent, where Man has multiplied himself some fifty-five per cent during the last few years in America.



Small wonder then that ham and bacon are found high priced by the consumer. And, when it is realized that beef, corn, wheat, potatoes and peanuts are doing but little better, Man may well view himself down the vistas of his systems as on the verge of starvation, rather than in the last act of committing self-extinction.

Unfortunately, for the good of the race, humanity usually looks beyond its own follies and prejudices — outside of its own economic policies and artifices — for the enemy, when the seven lean years come. Which would not be so bad, if they were not so egoistic, so self-laudatory, during the fat seven. However, fat hogs (of the four-legged variety) promise to be but nine dollars this year.

ONE day, while standing in a store, a woman of the real sort stepped alongside and asked the proprietor for a certain article by a certain maker. Her order was quite clear. The shopkeeper reached up among his goods and, selecting something, made a nice little bundle, which he passed across the counter with : "Eighty cents, please."

For response, the woman asked that the package be



opened for her inspection ; which the shopkeeper did with great show of injured dignity — and impertinence.

"But," said the woman, "that is not what I asked for."

"It's just as good," quoth the man.

"Yes," drawled the woman, searching at the same time in her purse for something.

"Yes," iterated the other facetiously.

"Then maybe you will take this in exchange." A large round dollar fell heavily — and soggly — on the wood.

"Counterfeit, madame." He looked injured. The woman smiled, turned away and walked to the door — but turned back. Mr. Shopkeeper had transferred the round piece to his till — or was it to his pocket.

"If you please," said the woman, as she arrived alongside of me again, "I will, come to think of it, take that dollar away with me, as I fear you might tell some innocent person that it's just as good as Uncle Sam's dollars."

**B**ETWEEN an atmosphere saturated with tobacco and one over-burdened with the odor of musk and talcum powder, there is little choice. There is no accounting for tastes — or smellers. Three times it has been — on the brink of — my misfortune, to have



St. Genevieve

Puvis de Chavannes

Decoration in Pantheon, Paris



my eyes put out by the sharp, saw-like edge of a lady's hat. Shall we, forthwith, demand an ordinance against the hat? Nay, friend, we can walk!

We would no more request a surcease of this form of amusement than we would demand that the man who is always buttonholing some one, dragging him off into a corner, to give away a bit of his insolence — on the general principle that somebody is in need of his advice — should be incarcerated, as a menace to our happiness.

**A**S a good preacher has said: "In the loss of the 'prize fight' we are left a great void in our forms of amusement; it is essential that we fill this void." A difference of opinion as to what constitutes amusement is, as Clemens has said: "A variety of stages or conditions of lunacy."

Now, if I were a great educator, it would never be my lot to bull so badly, in a matter of valuations, as to associate the blacksmith and boilermaker with anything but the highest intelligence. Wherever a man's lot is cast in this artificial world, we should never measure his intellect by his calling. It is a dangerous play — far more so than football and pugilism. And again one should never discredit any sort or kind of skill.





## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion

(Continued from JUNE).

JACK'S CRIME, AS THE PUBLIC READ IT.



THE story runs, Mr. Paul Boko, the distinguished editor of the *New Era*, and inimitable *raconteur*, while homeward bound from the Adonis Club Annual—a fancy dress affair this year, and very smart—had occasion to pass the residence of Mr. X——, the notorious head of the Aeroplane Trust. When just opposite that pretentious mansion, his attention was attracted by a confused altercation between two persons, just within the precincts of X——. Anything so unusual as the presence of “vulgar people” in the yard of the exclusive Mrs. X—— drew Mr. Boko’s attention: so, in spite of his lack of the inquisitive instinct, this gentleman crossed over. What he heard, by way of conversation between the two individuals,





should be heard from his own lips. He soon learned that one of the couple was Jack—the local artist—and the other a night watchman. Therefore, as a matter of course, he believed Jack to be laboring under the influence of the wine cups; for how could Jack otherwise be in Mr. X——'s yard and quarreling with a common watchman? As Mr. Boko says: "I thought Jack in a maudlin condition, or he would have been trying to get in his own house instead of his neighbor's; so I thought to intercede in his behalf."

In truth the good natured editor strove to extricate the painter from a delicate position; but neither of the altercants would listen to him, so he signalled his private detective—who always attends the editor—which was enough.

The watchman immediately arrested both and took them to Station A, where they were booked as Pourquoi Pas and Paul Beaucoup. The expected happened here again, that is to say, our ever blundering Police Department forgot to search the prisoners. As a consequence certain irresponsible persons insinuate that Mr. Boko knows more than he cares to tell about the strange disappearance and reappearance of Mrs. X——'s pearl



necklace. Some are even base enough to say: "He is striving to shield Mrs. X—— and the painter," while others pretend to have inside knowledge of an arrangement between the editor and Mr. X——, whereby the first is to profit much. But to cut these attempts at libelous matter short, there is nothing in such mouthings of irresponsibles.

The facts about the recovery of the necklace are as Mr. Boko relates them. Says he:

"The morning after my 'durance vile,' and when about to depart for the office, I thrust my hand into my overcoat pocket. You may judge my surprise when I found foreign things there. I pulled these forth, and behold! they were a pistol of Mr. Jack's and, as since learned, a pearl necklace belonging to Mrs. X——."

Nothing could be clearer, nor more simply stated. The fact that the Chief of Police is thoroughly satisfied ought to still the voices of slander who aim their shafts of hate at the redoubtable editor of the *New Era*. As becomes a good citizen, Mr. Boko, on realizing the nature of his find, hastened to his office and *summoned* the Chief and a well known jeweler. It took but a moment for both to arrive; the editor explained the situation



fully to the Chief, who immediately jumped into his splendid new car—purchased, by the way, from Mr. B——, the well known agent of the Black Car Co., and an automobile enthusiast—and dashed up Market to Geary and out to the gilded palace of X——. What really took place there the Chief keeps to himself; but enough is known to state that Mrs. X—— came off second best. She was an unwilling witness, pretended surprise that her jewels were out of her tender care; but her "tear shadowed eyes" suggests that the Chief got enough to confirm him in the opinion that all is not as smooth in the household of Mr. X—— as is usually made out. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Jack held a stormy meeting at the prison the morning after the "robbery" gives color to the story that there has been over-intimacy between Jack and Mrs. X——.

It has also leaked out that Mr. Leonard, the father of Mrs. Jack, and his legal adviser, Mr. Green, held a long conference with Jack in his cell, during which the two visitors became convinced of Jack's mental derangement—at least on the night of the burglary. Mr. Leonard does not deny this; the Chief hints that Jack was inebriated: but we are led to believe that the Chief is in



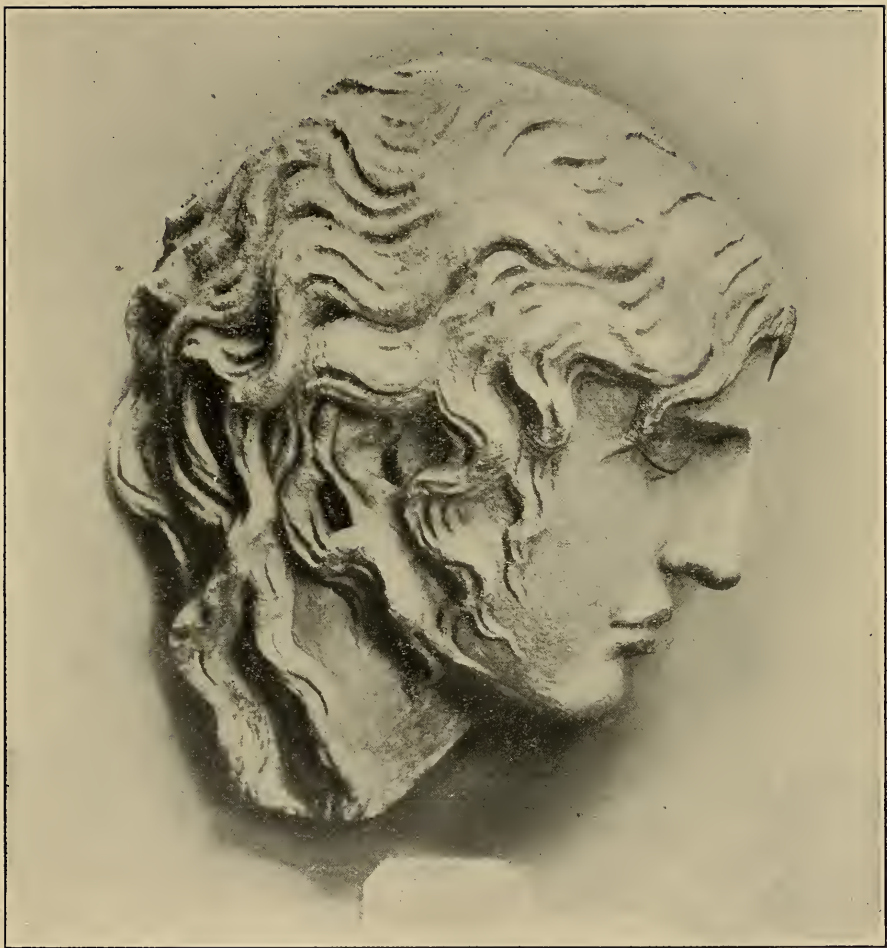
possession of information which, when the time is ripe, will create a sensation and put a new complexion on the whole affair. This much is certain : Mrs. X——'s pearl necklace was out of her possession over night : it was found, by accident, in Mr. Boko's overcoat pocket, and returned by that gentleman as soon as possible. Jack was found under suspicious circumstances within the gates of Mr. X—— ; he was arrested ; Mr. Boko, while endeavoring to intercede in the artist's behalf, was also arrested by the dull watchman, who thought the editor was interfering unlawfully with his duty. You are at liberty to put your own interpretation on the Jack escape, drunken adventure, or burglary of X——'s house. From common report we would believe that the whole thing resolves itself into a question of veracity between Mr. Boko, the editor, and Jack, the painter. But this is laughable, considering the difference of position of the two—one a mere dauber of canvas, and the other a prominent citizen, a fearless champion of the people and a man of means. That a mere string of baubles could tempt the great editor from the path of honesty is beyond reason ; while on the other hand this fellow Jack would have every reason for temptation. He knew



Mr. X——'s house well — too well, it is suggested. So, there is every likelihood that there is something in the tale going the round among the "Smart Set," that Mrs. X—— purposely left the front door unfastened for Jack's benefit. This, if it proves true, would make a pretty plot for a romance — with an elopement as a climax — the bold thief carrying off the lady and paying the railroad fare and hotel bills during the illicit honeymoon with the proceeds of the sale of pearls. Of course Mr. X—— denies that he found the front door unlatched next morning. This is but natural as, they say, he is still very much enamoured with the beautiful, and much gossiped about, lady.

The farcical alias, *Pourquoi Pas*, which Jack gave at the police station, might give a touch of humor to such a romance; the mis-spelling of Mr. Boko's name would lend something: Jack's antics in attempting to thrust suspicion on the editor might be made quite funny — which would please Jack mightily; for as the watchman says: "That fellow tried to get funny with even me too."

The truth of the matter is that Jack's character is not beyond reproach: even his friends are rather cold in their attempts to speak enthusiastically of his ability. It







is well known that the Leonards did not look upon him as a good catch for their highly cultured daughter ; and for this Jack has often been found surly and unapproachable by the family. Still Mr. Leonard keeps a discreet silence ; says he is willing to let justice take its course, etc. But it is easily seen that he is not very deep in his convictions about the innocence of Jack, and would not stand in the way of a divorce of his daughter from the "undesirable Jack."

"No ! no !" interposed the company at this point, " 'tis not so." Half in drollery and half in all seriousness the circle around the table entered protest after protest against the reports of the chief guest's adventures, as recited in the press for the benefit of the public.

The guest smiled, thanking them for their sympathy and expressions of friendship : and proceeded, as the din of things subsided, with his little story :

"So far, the wrong I have striven to cover with a veil of the whimsical : it would be silly, maybe, to look upon my adventure as anything but a humorous chance in life ; but, if one takes into consideration the possibilities of a deliberate, calculated perversion of the pur-





poses of THE LAW, imagination would conceive vistas of dreadful consequences. As an average citizen—and perhaps like all other average citizens—the penal code, police courts, the police, the militia, and all those matters pertaining to the control and suppression of “crime” were very like things foreign to my environments. Like the rest, such had appeared to me as of no consequence, else “crime” were not pursued and duly punished. That a purely conventional piece of humanity like myself would ever be victimised by the “kindest intentions of Society” had escaped my fancy. And if it had not been for the indictment of Mr. X——, perhaps I would still be one of the unfortunate wretches who meander our streets, thinking little of THE LAW as it applies to “criminals,” and caring less so long as they were not knocked down in the daylight, or robbed in the night. But, now THE LAW has a double threat in it; every policeman jars my nerves; court house and prison have a sinister look: so I never know which to avoid—the “criminal,” or the fool intrenched in THE LAW—when obliged to pass one or the other on the highway.

In truth, I have about come to the conclusion that “the institution” is become but a cowardly subterfuge



on the part of man to escape any direct responsibility for his acts and enactments. Whether it be one of charity, or of government, or for the purpose of fostering some particular cult or culture, the institution is usually perverted to the fell purpose of supporting incompetents relatives and friends are weary of caring for, or are used to leech the very interests they are supposed to encourage. Therefore I would believe anarchism to be more manly, as a philosophy, than socialism. For anarchism does at least imply a willingness to suffer the back action of one's own aggressiveness. However, being neither anarchist nor socialist, but just a plain American citizen, we will proceed with the action of my story — as it was noised about the world.

One paper — that which had come to me hot from the press that very morning — had been kept for the last. I had read the black-faced type head lines :



## SCANDALOUS REVELATIONS!

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### ALL ABOUT THE X—— FAMILY.

But it was my humor to reserve the text for the last. In substance it was about like this : —

“Today was not a vacation for the X—— household. They were kept busy by the District Attorney and the Grand Jury. Mrs. X——’s usual ‘sweet smile’ lapsed several times, and an ‘unwonted hauteur’ tinged her manner as the pointed question was put to her in regard to certain relations between herself and one—not recognized in the law as her liege lord and master. Of course she was ‘not permitted to answer’; but the crimson flush on her cheek spoke plainer than words of the naughty conduct of the lady. She glanced anxiously at the equally flustered hubby: but hubby had troubles of his own. He was busily engaged—no doubt—in preparing an explanation of the now famous letter—alleged to be the most innocent thing imaginable—in which the caloused millionaire speaks of his



crimes against society in the lightest and most frivolous manner.

We will not bore the ever-suffering people with the full contents of that tell-tale epistle, as they could not be interested in X——'s family affairs; so we print only that part which is of direct import in the disgraceful matter of the Aeroplane stock deal, which is as follows :

MY DEAR SALLY (fancy the name Sally in the aristocratic home of X——):

. . . . It will please you to know that I have at last secured an option on those patents I mentioned before starting for this place. This leaves me free to take that little trip we have so often planned for, and I look forward to it as a means in securing a little peace (sure he did, and as a means of escaping the consequences of his criminal habits). . . . And, by the way, if the dear public, and some others, only knew of the immense benefits accruing to us through our original "Merger," no knowing but we would all—the children included—find ourselves in prison houses. So, keep a silent tongue about——. . . .

"Business is business: the charming Mr. X—— couldn't drop business long enough to write a cooing love letter to his lady—the mother of his children. Small wonder that she sought a little relaxation in side affairs of the



heart. But what was lost to Mr. X——, or was it Mrs. X——'s loss, was the people's gain. If he had been a better lover the people would still be guessing, whether he were guilty or not, of certain flim flam games in the art of doing criminal business.

Would you believe it, if it was written in fiction, that Mr. X—— only referred to a marriage contract (well known to have been broken and flounced in the face of a long suffering public) by that (unfortunate) word Merger.

The people can be fooled part of the time, but not all the time. Mr. X—— seems to be about the only one who can be fooled all the time."

On another page—the editorial, I believe—the whole situation was summed up thusly : —

"Perhaps, before we go to press, the people will know whether they, or a handful of men who know no law but squeezing widows and orphans, shall rule this country. With the indictment of Mr. X—— the people will have gained a signal victory over privilege and oppression ; no longer shall the offsprings of usury flout their



ill-gotten wealth in the faces of the people, and ask, sneeringly : "What are you going to do about it?"

It will no longer be the fashion of sycophants and the natural children of Lucifer to fawn at the feet of the predatory rich. We shall have a surcease of the would-be "aristocracy" of our Republic. The Common People shall say who's who ; and if there is to be any strutting in public, the Common Man shall have the right to do his share : for has he not made all the wealth heretofore "enjoyed" by the degenerate spawn of those who just escape the onus of being begot in an assignation house by coming into the world under the thin disguise of a marriage contract, never meant to be kept sacred from pollution !

As if the other crimes of the "aristocratic house" of X—— were not enough, "My Lady" has to have her little peccadilloes with an artist—save the mark—but Jack the Lady Killer, or should we say Jack the Dauber, and what he knows about the X—— family affairs, must not be mentioned in the present proceedings against the Big Criminal. "It is irrelevant in the matter at present before the Grand Jury," so they say. But, is it : have the people no right to inquire into the moral status of



the households of the rich? Let a poor man take a mistress unto himself, and all the machinery of the law would grind him to bits. But we see light through the mists and stupid technicalities of "the law"; a light that promises the privileges the rich have cornered, to the poor.

To be accidentally dropped into the lap of luxury, to be born with a silver spoon in the mouth, will stamp the future man as a branch of a poisonous plant; and there will be none, as now, who pride themselves upon their wealthy lineage.

For, the Common People now know that all their ills and the disgraces they have suffered, come to them by the hand of the so-called man of capacity; the man of genius. Genius, we now know, is but a form of insanity, the very obvious manifestation of an unbalanced mind, given the sole capacity to absorb the creations and surplus of the Common Man. Heretofore, an egoistic and fawning philosophy has taught the Common Man that he is helpless without such monstrosities in his midst; but now, thanks to our latest psychologic researches, "capacity" is stripped of its shoddiness and pretense; and we know it as a form of the most utter social depravity.





In the future, history shall not dare chronicle that "General So-and-So bravely led his troops to the charge," when it was well known that he kept the rear and let the hosts of the Common Man do all the leading and brave charging,

Is it not enough honor that a general be allowed to wear the gilt and shoulder straps; is it not enough that a popular painter or writer becomes popular; is it not enough for one to be the head of a business — any poor devil would gladly accept the position, for the honor."

There was more of it, but I nearly choked with the smell of it and my inclination to laugh; so the sheet was carefully extended at arm's length; I was about to drop it to the floor, when the door opened and my legal adviser, somewhat noisily, entered. He caught the expression of half merriment and half disgust that overspread my face, and stopped short.

"Well, friend," he inquired, "what's to pay now; anything new appearing on the horizon?"

*(To be continued)*

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

— Jonathan Swift.



Judgment of Solomon.

Bartolomeo Scodingi.

Uffizi Gallery, Florence.



## Forgive Us Our Virtues

### PART I.



NCE upon a time hanging was thought the proper usage in the way of dispossessing individuals who were in the habit of ruining or illicitly attracting to themselves things made or saved from common wastes. But now this pleasant and diverting custom is confined to hastening the demise of those who "unlawfully" take human life. And some day, hanging killers being on the wane, the gallows may be reserved for, what a kind editor has called the most heinous of crimes, traducement. How-



ever, be this as it may, humanity seems slow at arriving at this conclusion, taking where there is neither the intention nor the ability to recompense or give is a sad thieving offence — thoroughly bad, in other words.

So reform, criticism and all other activities, primarily destructive in intention and in the nature of things, needs have the means of restitution or recompense at hand, or they make wounds and cure nothing.

If men could come to the conclusion that virtue and genius are faculties of many reservations as well as of action, we might be the better for it: for, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, it is not so much what a man of virility does in ill in the course of his activities as what he might do if he gave himself the licenses men of low tempers assume as their privilege. An honest criticism strives at least to find the good in the residue of any action that is constructive. And it is always fair to ask of active principles: What is to be the final material benefit to men, of this and that operation? A spiritual or moral uplift that leaves us to wallow in libertinism is not so much. For all we know, history may be full of direful social relapses which have come of ignorantly directed reform movements. One has denied



in toto that the French people had a hand in the dreadful September days of the Revolution—the whole affair being but a struggle between an inefficient government and a lot of cutthroats. The same names Madame Roland, the acme of the cult, as typical of the product of the “democratic philosophy” of the age—she, who failing to convince the king she was worthy of being ennobled, turned “republican,” and expiated her pursuit of revenge by following the queen to the guillotine. Be this as it may, it shows there are two stories to every action.

Now, what is reform, what is special interest and privilege? 'T would be difficult indeed to say in these days, when every man maketh his own lexicon, and pretendeth to his very own religion and philosophy.

**L**IKE Achilles, every man hath his vulnerable spot; if 'tis not in the heels 'tis in the head or the wind. Singly and in droves, the Divine Providence distributes its immunities, its privileges; but any man may be hanged by the neck till he is dead; and many a one has been passed to another world in this legal fashion for no better reason than because the drove knew no



more legal use for him. And yet more than one of such has given the world the fullness of his genius thereof. So 'twere a dangerous practice to teach the doctrine, "For the Good of the Herd" too long and too often. It is all men's privilege to engage themselves freely in the affairs of (their) State, and engage themselves in productive pursuits. The individual should be responsible to the Herd only inasmuch as his pursuit exploits, or interferes with, nature's forces and others' capacities. An absolutely free (licensed) press and pulpit is primarily wrong: but we tolerate these on the plea that such liberty is needful as a public policy. This being acknowledged, it were queer indeed that both press and pulpit do not use their licenses somewhat charily—under the fear that both they and the people will have their "liberties" taken away—because of abuse.

Construction implies destruction. Cowards only fear exploitation; the slothful only have no privileges to guard; those who have no special interest excepting to find a *pons asinorum* that shall carry them safely over the river to the gates of *limbus fatuorum*, find nothing worth guarding here below. Still we would not recommend that these be hanged forthwith; 'twere better they





*Street Scene.*

*Canaletto.*

*Colonna Gallery, Rome.*

## Philopolis

were put to useful work. It would be lovely indeed, indeed it would, to see certain types of reformers and the literati breaking coal and sweeping the streets; for they are but a hindrance, as things are, to those who have the necessary vitality to remodel the ill formed, and the capacity to use a license and a privilege in a way that does not leave more hurt than wealth to mankind. Of course, as intimated, to find sympathy—such as it is—for the starved, in an otherwise pitiless press, is something. But when we realize that even this is only the old literary trick of making a background, giving a proper contrast or accent, the thought comes that this fellow feeling is more a common instinct for grilling than an impetus to do the righteous. However this may only be a wild guess, very like the conjecture upon which our ministerial personages charge that all American financiers and captains of industry are essentially thieves, murderers and busters of industrial forces.

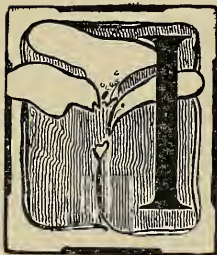




## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion

(Continued from JULY).



IN place of dropping the paper on the floor, it was turned into Goodboy's lap as he took a seat alongside of me on my prison cot. He glanced carelessly at it : 'Nothing new or startling there, Jack—same old song and dance—what would you have?'

'I would have the editor of that sheet a little more subtle in his methods of saturating the public mind with prejudice.'

'Oh ! I thought maybe you would like to see him hanged.'

'No, my dear Goodboy ; have some regard for the executioner.'

'Something in that, something in that, Jack ; but, let it pass. I have a bit of good news : Judge P—— has consented to let you out on bail—saw him this morning. It seems that your father-in-law and Green had given



him the notion you were in a muddled state of mentality, and—'. I exploded at this point. 'Thought it would soothe you,' said he.

'I requested to be taken before Judge P——, but those chumps told me his mind was set against my release.'

'So it was; I unset it—see! The new "Criminal Code" gives the Judge certain—

'Bah! new Code. You verily stab me with my own palette knife. I voted for the Constitutional Amendment that made it possible.'

'And also for the new "Corporation Regulation Act"' questioned Goodboy.

'I have no mind to monkey with others' business. No.'

'No! but you have for lunch, eh!'

'Lunch? No, I am tired of prison fare.'

'Didn't speak of it so—was thinking you might like to lunch at the Palace,'

Within the hour we two were comfortably seated behind a palm and at lunch. I chose this obscured place in the big cafe—and speak of it as comfortable—because, from the moment we entered the street to the time we sat down at table, a continually accumulating



sense that I was remarked as a notorious character assailed me from all sides. From the officer—the same who greeted me on the first night, in charge of the outer office of the jail—to the bustling waiter, all treated me with a curious jocosely deference; which, I presume, is due a noted criminal. 'Twas not to my liking, but I had to take what came, and as it came. Acquaintance, friend, waiter and police officer, one and all, showed a certain pride in my acquaintance; but none seemingly dare come out square, so each in his way passed his wit and covered the risk of having speaking terms with an arch fiend, by getting funny. Therefore, when we were at last seated, I felt comparatively comfortable; but the feeling lasted only a moment. Just on the other side of the palm were Green, my father-in-law and a couple of cronies. The moment I discovered them I glanced at Goodboy: he winked and laughed; and the laugh appeared to echo behind. It came back from the rear of me in a low, almost-mocking ripple. I sat like a stick, upright, then whirled around—it was Paul Boko—but he was already far away towards the other end of the cafe.

'Too late, Jack,' said Goodboy, 'if you really want to



hit somebody, there's your dear papa-in-law—and Green. And, by the way, if you are of the mind,' continued he, 'you are in a fair way to becoming a bloated capitalist. Only yesterday a noted dealer approached me and asked if I thought you would listen to a proposition leading to the sale of all the works you now have on hand.'

'Who is he, Goodboy?'

'So-and-so; a good man, and quite responsible.'

'Yes,' said I, 'most dealers are; but only they seem at times to believe and act the other way.'

'Take it under consideration, my boy; its almost like a stroke of divine providence to have an artistic uplift like this. A work of art doesn't really have any cash value—except among a few—untill it is attached to some great historical incident.'

I demurred, but he persisted. 'Think,' he continued, 'how much joy it gives Mr. Buck to note among his friends that every work of importance he has in his house marks some foreign voyage or conquest, or calls attention to his charitable inclinations towards painters and art folk in general. A picture is not, in itself, conducive to polite conversation. It is merely ejaculated





over or disposed of as rotten — a daub, you know ; while if it has a history behind it — “ found in a garret, all covered with dirt ” — or if the doer is a character there is great chance for amusement during a long, and otherwise, tedious meal.’

‘ Goodboy,’ said I, ‘ let’s go out to the Beach, and get a little salt air ; both of us have been confined in jail far too long. I am getting wretchedly nervous, and you, pessimistic.’ He smiled broadly, but assented. Down among the tables and past the waiters we went and into the street again. I hailed a public automobile : and within a few moments we were stretched on the sand. Then it was that Goodboy opened up about my case again.

‘ You see,’ he began, ‘ there are much too many ears around in the town. I had in mind to bring you out here and—’. His remark was cut short by a man who stepped forward and asked for a match. Goodboy gave him one, expecting him to pass on, but the fellow settled himself not more than three yards away. My companion frowned. pulled his hat over his eyes and whispered : ‘ Oh, well ! we can wait.’

And with this we both settled back. I believe I





must have slept there in the open while we waited for the intruder to depart, as the sun was further towards the horizon when I again became conscious of Goodboy's presence; but there is nothing sure about this. All that's certain is that I gave an answer to a question from him that flew so absurdly far of the mark that the lawyer laughed heartily.

'You have been asleep—dog—while I have been giving you my theory about this business of yours. I have talked to the ocean, evidently, the last hour, and launched my wisdom on the air—believing all the time you were taking it all in.'

'Goodboy,' said I, 'maybe you are right: still, I surely heard your voice and caught something, as an idea has come to me—surely it must be yours as I could not possibly have dreamt it.'

'All right; easily proved,' he returned, 'tell me what you think you heard.'

'Good! it was like this:'

#### JACK'S IDEA.

'As things have turned, my belief is I am but an accident in this business, Paul Boko having no intention in



Adoration of the Magi.

By Sandro Botticelli.

Uffizi Gallery, Florence.



the beginning of introducing me into his designs. I merely happened across his operations, and he pinned me down as an amusing incident — as a variation on the main lines — the direct cause being the rather stupid watchman ; a more intelligent one would, perhaps, have let him pass unchallenged. Again, the pearl necklace is but another by-play. If he is anything in sincerity, our brilliant editor of the *New Era* is theatrical : he dearly loves to do the stunt ; he is much saturated, or pretends to be, with theories of psychologic influence as the main-spring in forming and dissolving social orders ; and, if I am not mistaken, he follows the general principle that all of us are but automatons driven to a catastrophe by the ever accumulating force of mental suggestion. Give the people a fright and then the people may be kept in the road and driven to any end desired, if the master hand has the reins, so to say. Such is his theory. He tried it on the watchman, in a way. He has tried it on public opinion many times, and appears to have been measurably successful. But his great stunt, the play upon class prejudice, which resulted in the Corporation Regulation Act and a new Penal Code seems to have created so many imitators — the *Racket* being one — that



it has resulted in a series of counter suggestions, each of which promises to divert a part of the general stream of ideas to its own objective—if there is any. Paul Boko would have the stage to himself. So far our new laws only appear to irritate every one. To concentrate and relieve the lesser units from the friction of things it seemed essential to catch a big victim and make an example. This Boko set out to do by assailing X—; but he must have specific evidence that the gentleman, like all the rest, was flouting the Regulation Act. So he hired some one in X—'s household to deliver over to him any scrap of paper that might be useful in forcing the government officials to move. Those papers—now being used in the prosecution of X—, were delivered to Boko on the night of our arrest.'

'And what about the necklace?' interposed Goodboy at this point.

'A mere blind to give the whole affair the appearance of genuine burglary by an expert safe cracker.'

'Not so bad,' said Goodboy, 'but its quite evident you were asleep while I engaged myself in unravelling this matter. However, its getting late, and we would better start homeward. I am sure you are anxious to



see Hattie, Suppose we walk back ; the exercise won't harm you.'

And with this we arose and started briskly towards the city. I pressed Goodboy to repeat his theory, on the road, but it was not in his humor.

'I will see you again in a day or two, then perhaps things will have gone so far that your notion may appear the right one. However, there is one thing I would like to know now. What about that pistol Boko has spoken of as yours—how does he know that it is yours?'

I told him, as you have heard already, the way in which the pistol appeared that night in the cell. Then I added: 'You might have known all about it before if you had not cut me short in my "tale of woe," as you spoke of it.'

'That's so: you have my apology herewith. I was much like the rest—thought the whole thing was a complication arising from some escapade. Now I really and truly believe you are the victim of some well set plan.' At this point he suddenly pulled out his watch as if he had recalled an engagement, forgotten to the moment. 'Half-past four, and I promised to be there at four; will



you excuse me ; I must take that car and make a dash for it—my engagement, I mean,'

'Sure, Goodboy, go ahead : think I will ride also the rest of the way.' So we parted, promising to meet on the morrow at my studio. And as you perhaps suppose, my direction was homeward. That there was no great enthusiasm in it I must confess ; still I was duty bound to meet Hattie sometime—somewhere. Therefore, why not immediately and on her own ground? Arriving all in due time, I reached for a latch key. There was none in my pocket : so I rang the bell ; the girl answered ; she looked at me blankly : then two bright spots shot out of her eyes, and I received the ovation of my life. Bet threw her arms around my neck and smacked me on the instant on both cheeks. One of those kisses—so prompt and vigorous—almost repaid me the pains of my jailing. And Hattie then and there had further grounds for divorce, as my reception by Bet was duly heralded next morning in the papers—elaborated by a reporter who had followed us to the Beach and back to town.

What about Hattie? Oh, she heard of my release ; so she packed and retired to the country house, with the





children. "To save the latter the embarrassment of a first meeting," as she explained the matter.

Being relieved of the exuberant welcome from Bet, I wandered over the house to accustom myself to it again. All was about as usual ; Hattie's curious freaks in extravagance in some matters and her penuriousness in others — always strangely at variance — were a little more in evidence than formerly. Satisfied at last that things were only a bit more so, in the ordinary way of home affairs, I beat a retreat to the den — a small room just off the main hall, and would have indulged myself in a cigar, but Bet announced dinner.

'Dinner ! why, Bet, I have just lunched ; still, perhaps if you were to do me the honor of dining on the other side of the table, I might get up energy to make believe.'

At this Bet almost fainted, and assured me with tears in her voice that it wouldn't be quite the proper thing to take the mistress's place.

'Humph !' I returned, 'a worse one than you would take the liberty, as you say, and never question.' And so she seemed to be relieved, and with many blushes did the honors, with a grace and flavor quite equal to her cuisine





skill. So, in due time, I made inquiries as to how matters had gone since my enforced absence—not with any idea of gathering information about family affairs, but merely by way of preparation, I wanted to know if she had seen or heard anything peculiar on that not-to-be-forgotten night. Maybe she had seen Paul Boko—knew or suspicioned something about the pistol, etc., as I felt the rest must have known that it was not my practice to take it out of the house.

'That was a venturesome night, sure,' she returned, 'a very queer behaving gentleman called; said he had important business with you, and grumbled because of your being at the Club. Says he, "I wrote I was coming," so I took him into the parlor and told him you would sure be here if you said so. He wouldn't let me light but one light, as his eyes was bad. I think they must 'a been, he wearing a pair of big smoked glasses.'

'Had he any peculiarities?'

'So,' motioned Bet; then she went off into a squirming sort of laughter quite characteristic. 'Such funny ears.'

'So, funny ears: it's the stamp of the species, Bet.'

'The stamp of the what?'



'Madame, I mean the brand of the tribe.'

'Oh!'

'Yes, oh! and are you quite sure he did not leave the living room without your kind permission.'

'My man says,' replied Bet, 'that it was natural, and I—'

'And your man, Bet,' I interrupted, 'is he a night watchman?'

The girl at this gathered herself together and fled the room. I had obtained three bits of information: Mr. Boko was in my house; he was upstairs; and Mr. X——'s watchman was Bet's "steady". I had seen the fellow around before he became X——'s watchman. Immediately my head began to piece and patch: morbid fancy entered the realm of thought, and the "might-have-beens" began to float in the air around.

"He washed his face and hands in my house. Why did he? Why did he speak to me on the street that evening? Why do crooked men do half the things they do? Suppose he had been caught red-handed in the house—and shot some one—with my pistol? What then? This simple suggestion rippled up and down my back bone like sand paper roughly applied, and the hair



of my head tingled at the roots, seeming to rise straight to the ceiling. At that very instant—so fancy ran—I might have been waiting to be hanged.

Still thinking of the terrible “might-have-been,” half dazed with the onslaughts of doleful imaginings, I lifted myself from the chair and returned to the living room, where I sat down heavily, as if the world were entangled so much that it were useless to strive for its disentanglement. Another cigar was consumed, and another; I absorbed a glass or two of strong liquor—something I seldom touched—but the stimulants only irritated my system still more. In fact they reduced me to a condition where my nerves were completely beyond control; I jumped at the slightest noise; if Mr. Green could have seen me then he would have sneered again in my face; so, in order to avoid any possible mischance of the sort, I started for my bed room; but it was not ordained that I should sleep just yet, for the cries of piping voices from down street, greeted my ears before the hall door was reached. What was it? What did it promise? I listened intently: it was the cry of newsboys shouting: “Extra! extra! All about the attempt to poison the Grand Jury! The henchmen of the Aeroplane Trust



get desperate. Here's your Extra! Extra!" Within a minute the sheet was in my hands, but I had no money; I called for Bet, who came half clothed and all but scared to a finish.

'Stay, Bet, 'till I find out what it's all about.' Of course the whole thing was a fake! A number of the jurymen had been taken ill after lunching at a downtown hotel—from eating toadstools—it was later discovered. But it was enough to set an already over heated community on fire. The newsboy volunteered the information that the paper I had in hand would perhaps be the last for many a day, as the plants of nearly all the dailies in the city were wrecked, and their offices gutted. I grabbed my hat and was making for the door again with the intention of going down town, when I ran straight into the arms of Mrs. Jack.

*(To be continued)*



# AN APOSTROPHE

MINOTAUR! *Liver upon tender maid and youth;*  
MOLOCK! *God, to whom a million in human kind*  
*are sacrificed, listen :*

To thee, mightier one, I speak; one, whom a whole population, when swallowed into thy corporation, may not satiate nor appease in hunger; one who taketh his tribute, not from a people, but from a universe; one who remaineth lean, and yet gulps the mountain and the forests thereof, and the contents of the mines which layeth beneath; one, whose corporation may not be gorged, nor appetite diminished by either Sun or Moon.

Petty Gods! thou, ancient toys, with shrines illumined but by feeble candle and greasy wick; we address one, for whom all the substances of the Earth are made to burn by submissive and adoring peoples.

MOLOCK! MINOTAUR! 'Tis not to thee we speak, but to Thee, mightiest God and Idol of them all; Thou, who hath brought to governments a weakness in the flesh; Thou, who hath brought extravagance in the name and arts of economists; Thou, who hath brought confusion among wise ministers and editors; Thou, who hath brought demagogues to ridicule; Thou, who maketh Conservation impotent; Thou, who maketh the wealthy poor in riches, and the poor slaves and beggars.

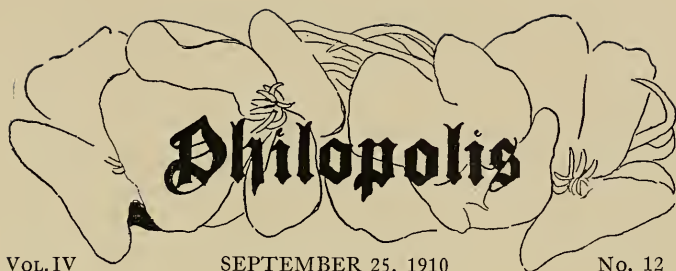
MINOTAUR! MOLOCK! Idols and Tots of puny Ancients, behold the King of Kings, the Idols of Idols, the Toy of all Toys; not to Thee do we lay our prayers, our tributes, our virtues: But to the All Masterful, Mighty One! To Thee we kneel and pray. Oh! Iron Horse. Oh! Steam Engine, bless our sins and forgive us our virtues.



Birth of Christ.

By Van Der Goes Ugo

Uffizi Gallery, Florence.



## Forgive Us Our Virtues

### PART II.



URIIOUSLY enough, the term Society bandied about town on the slightest provocation, and made to serve as a philosophers' stone, so to speak, in every neocratic system of economy and politics, is chiefly conspicuous by its absence from the American Forefather's confessions of faith. And the reason of it, maybe, is because this gentleman was heartily fatigued with the sound of it, having been raised in the greatest halleluiah school of socialism the world has as yet begat. In a debate over the rags, tags and





baggage of it, both priest and neophyte of the "neo-culture," if confronted with the Forefather, would go down in inglorious defeat. For, his prophetic spirit, benevolence and sense of values had been made sound by sad experience. He knew graft; he knew the full benefits of the gumshoeman; of a benign, distant and centralised government, and of monopoly pursuing its vocation under the license of the State; and he knew just how much regard all these had, or ever will have, for the inherent rights (privileges) of anybody, or anything. So, being of such experience and in such humor, he wrote "The People," and "The Government" on the corner stone of this nation, and launched the principle: For the good of the individual, rather than for the good of System (Society).

In truth, the rights of majorities are always qualified, in his professions, by "two-thirds of a voting body," when it came to a matter of hanging and principle; which would suggest a world of suspicion, on his part, for majorities. And he, beyond a doubt, foresaw that as the Nation developed, its populations would differentiate; and as it grew in strength, prosperity and security, The People, as a term, would lose its sense of solidarity;



and, in the loss of such integrity, there would come a time of grave misconception, and a confusion of tongues, a conflict among divergent interests, wherein opposing parties would struggle for mastery of The Government and The People. But he would not, that a majority, in name only, should run wild: so he qualified the term, majority "by two-thirds."

Seemingly, we have arrived at this position in the National game. And now it is writ in public places: "For the common people, and by the common people." By such insidious ornamentation of structural principles, demagogues, neocrats and proletariats assert their irremediable avidity. And it is just this disposition of majorities which prompted the Forefather to qualify the powers of majorities by providing that when it came to principle and punishment a full two-third majority was essential before such should become effective, as a constituted authority. It was thus that the builder of this political edifice strove to establish a balance between the weight of individual and the institution, between the minority and the majority. But, apparently, collective aggressiveness chafes under the restrictions placed upon bare majorities; it would wipe out "For the



People and by the People," and make a hue and cry for the submergence of the rights of minorities, in order that an essentially ineffective majority might secure itself in unrestricted authority over all matters, political, industrial, judicial, financial and economic. And such is in reality the nature of the neo nationalism. In the mouths of politicians, a plea for honesty and capacity in public office is froth in the mouth ; a plea for a strong central government is either a play on the imaginations of the people, or a bid to the vulgar notion that all distant things, and huge bulk, are wonderful and genius smitten.

How far the people, in this particular instance, shall be led astray from prime principles in equity and the fundamental ideals of the Forefather, depends upon how much of the tolerance, virtue and sense of personal integrity of the old stock is preserved in the new. Nothing but a crucial test may determine this. Nothing but a strong party demarkation between municipal control and federal dominancy, between individual privilege and collective license, can determine whether the American ideal of today is an alloy, or the pure spirit of self-reliance, tolerance and individual courage of the Forefather. In its capacity as a "melting pot" of the races,



Residence of Robert M. Fitzgerald.

Edgar A. Mathews, Architect



it remains to be seen whether this Nation has begat more cowards and flunkies than the Forefather suspicioned would ever be there.

With this in view, all the fair would ask is, that a new nationalism, as a political venture, be frank, and not confuse general principles and common justice with petty and ephemeral matter.

They would also ask that a phrasing be used not calculated to appeal directly to pure egoism, prejudice and avidity.

However, the very weight and diversity of interests of the so-called "new-nationalism" are almost enough to destroy it in its inception.

How is any collective body, crudely incorporated under a mere party name, to hold together amidst such widely divergent ideas as individualism and nationalism, when the nationalism means, in plain English, the establishment of a dominant central corporation from which there is no appeal? A corporation means, among other things, a pot belly, flatulency at the waist band. And the reason a "private corporation" is usually more active and efficient than a "public" one is because the first is apt to be but an inflated symbol of imaginary



right. Truly speaking, the corporation is a fictitious, or artificial person, created by enactment of the People. And whether it is called public or private, its smell is the same. In truth, as every man of parts knows, a corporation is but so much collective energy, and the farther it is removed from skillful individual control, the farther its center, or seat, is removed from the natural amphitheatre of its activities, the more curseful it becomes to all interests. Consequently, "a strong central (federal) corporation" spells the subjection of both municipal and provincial corporation to the will of a larger fiction; and, as a finality, the oppression of the individual by indirection or by direction. In fact it means the withdrawal of the surplus of the "distant" province or municipality or individual and using it for "personal" gratification and the aggrandizement of the fictitious center. Whether this is done by a subtle system of taxation or by open aggressiveness, makes small difference. The moral and physical result is the same in either case. So to somewhat paraphrase a municipal corporation flunkey's remark, "No crime may be concealed behind a corporation," no matter how fat or large it happens, provided a people know just what a



corporation is, in all disguises. Said the sluttish queen :  
"Thankest me much for my favors."

But the Forefather did not look upon equity, the division of political privileges, the distribution of common justice, from this demoralized point of view. He made no pretense of giving : and it is here where his children first turned against his principles, or appeared to, in the minds of some. A protective tariff, openly announced as for the benefit of "the working classes," is special legislation ; and whether it is good or not as a National policy, there always remains the stigma of benevolence and the eleemosynary institution behind it, as an enactment. So, regardless of whether such legislation does harm or good, those who prosper under the pretenses of a benevolent act are accused of reaping the "illicit harvest."

"Insurgency," as spoken of now, is opposition to the present "protective tariff" ; as mentioned yesterday it was opposition to "corporate control" ; it has been opposition to trusts ; it has always been opposition to the powers that be. Therefore we may say insurgency is primarily the opposition of the individual to collectivism, corporate bodies and social bondage. To be





exact, it is a purely individual instinct and is usually expressed in round terms of contempt for constituted authority ; and might be quite as much a confession of weakness and incapacity in general, as an expression of exceptional aptitude bowed down by adverse circumstances.

So, when the individual or the crowd would a reforming go, 'tis always fair to examine into the reason of it. The lean and hungry-eyed often, out of their primeval instincts, so to speak, get closer to a true line of reformation than the well-being class. For the man of the hour, the type made prosperous by the system in vogue, whether he admits it or not, is very apt to backslide. We may look upon the system as the institution, the institution as the system, and the well-being as the example of its creative limit. The three are co-relative, consonous and interdependent ; which is the why and wherefore that a representative of a class of the well-being is not always the most reliable material for reform activities. Humanity is not inclined — if it knows it — to bite its nose. So the People should always ask : Is this or that reformatory action genuine, or is it but an attempt to cinch or absorb an advantage and make it permanent.



At the base of our working system is the steam engine, that clumsy, extravagant device some are pleased to call labor-saving. That it is extravagant beyond measure; that nearly all the mechanical devices suggested by it are anything but economic is now so apparent that it would seem superfluous to speak on the matter. And it would not be worth mentioning, perhaps, else the public mind were saturated with the notion that such extravagance and the debasing influence of "the modern industrial system" were the results of machinations on the part of politicians and "corporate interests."

In England they cry aloud against "Free Trade," and lay the ills begat by the system to it and the party in power.

In America they cry aloud against "The Protective Tariff," and lay the ills begat by the system to it and the party in power.

Socialism would take the sting out of the whole of it by sinking the all of us forthwith in a pot belly, by fixing us in perpetuity in a "public corporation," in the name of public ownership. Insurgency would tame us by creating a militant, central corporation, with an un-



limited authority for taxation, regulation, inspection and gumshoeing in general. But :

Revelry, and dance and show,  
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause.

There is the Higher Cost of Living ! Monopolies are notoriously extravagant and expensive to The People. Casual trade monopolies—purely ephemeral affairs—are. The People know, but little shocks to one's purse, compared to such monopolies as the U. S. Mail Service. And they are about to be made aware that nothing is so expensive, extravagant and stultifying as a fallacious economic and benevolent social-political system.

We live in an age of marvelous negations and contradiction, in an era of rampant militantism in the guise of peace, in a time of exaggerated ideals of the efficiency of "centralization" (corporate control) and extravagant notions of individualism ; in a period of pretentious and unskillful "government" and splendid individual exhibitions of administrative power ; in an age of scientific achievement among individuals and the rankest charlatanism amidst collectivism — within a brief moment, in truth, where rationalism and empiricism are locked in



one another's arms, and The People stand wonderingly, striving to guess, which shall be thrown ?

"Which shall it be next in the political arena, challenging all comers : a King, an Emperor, a Commoner, a Gladiator or a Slave ?

The slothful man saith, "There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the street;"

However, in this instance, 'tis only the shoddy that threatens our extinction ; it is only a specious political-industrial system, a fallacious, a pseudo-economic political institution, that has sent the cost of living sky high, and which stirs the neocrat to browbeating, pummeling and traducement. If it is true that the Federal Government, by creating the protective system, has inadvertently (stupidly) made it possible for a few to corral the riches of a nation, and which promise to extinguish the right of the individual and smother all but flunkys, then 'twere time to cut the original sinners' claws—not a time for increasing its army and the navy, nor a moment for extending its power of taxation, etc. And, by the way, how do our neocrats arrive at the equation, that a fool transplanted from San Francisco, say, to Washington, turns into a political, social and economic genius ?



Country Home of Clinton L. Walker.  
Edgar A. Mathews, Architect.



The Forefather would never have fumbled over such translation ; nor could he ever have mistaken historic parallels for biologic analogies : nor could he have seen likenesses in anomalies. And if, perchance, he had known the full meaning of the steam engine and the resultant creatures of it, he would have, no doubt, put his finger on "THE HIGHER COST OF LIVING" as the grand finale. For there is no gainsaying the livid fact now. The modern methods of production, of whatsoever sort, and modern transportation systems, are not economic. They merely expedite movements, stimulate (to a certain point) increase of populations, encourage avidity and make some specific matters possible—or nearer the possibility. Wherever they appear to cheapen, it is usually through a reduction of value and lasting quality—the exception, on close analysis, being always but a matter of individual integrity—not belonging, truly, to the beatitudes of the system.

In truth, the notion so long entertained by our economists that "the large manufacturing plant with the world's market at its disposal," is essentially and continuously an economic device that may honestly drive all the little fellows out of the world's markets, is



founded upon a misunderstanding of things and people entire. The endurance, persistency, perspicacity, pertinacity, ingenuity and genius of the "small fellow" has been entirely underrated in this equasion—or economic venture.

"Society" did not invent the steam engine; it merely took it over and made a fetich of it, and thought to have discovered in it a cheap way of winning the resemblance of culture: but it only uncovered the "Higher Cost of Living." Mind, herein we only use the steam engine as a symbol of the system; as an illustration of the folly of popular abuse of useful institutions and tools.

Being the first to feel the debasing and baneful effect of the ungoverned machine, skilled workers instinctively organized with common labor at the dawn of the system's career, as an offset to its encroachments on their privileges. The modern syndicate (trust) is but an attempt to keep it from running wild to the ultimate catastrophe, *i.e.*, feeding live human flesh to its furnaces, when the forests, coal mines and oil wells are given out.

However, don't worry, what the individual can do he can undo, in spite of a conglomerate social entity. The only danger that threatens us at the present moment is





that maybe the Federal Government (corporation) may lock up our sources of hydro-electric power, and stop the individual from relegating the steam engine—and all it represents—to the scrap heap. Conservation, at this date, is very like shutting the barn door—at the moment when the thief offers to restore the horse.

Indiscreet political "reform" might clinch the "virtual" monopoly and make it real. And this is why we consider the neo-nationalism to be a negation as a reform principle. Ultra-individualism and ultra-corporation don't fit. The supreme corporation, the one grown fattest, most extravagant and most militant and lazy at the same instant, is not the one to save our grace and guard our meat. A corporation that establishes a monopoly such as the U. S. Mail Service, and yet prohibits restraints on trade and commerce, is too arbitrary, contradictory and narrow in its point of view for any use, excepting the one the Forefather builded for, *i.e.*, as a big gun, a fictitious entity, a heavy weight that might be used when the provinces needed it as a common defence against the enemy without, or keep down the egotism of an aggressive disposition among the States—as States—not as minorities within the county lines.



## “Pourquoi Pas”

A Story of Suggestion

(Concluded).



WE bounded backward, both of us, stood a moment to regain equilibrium, and then, in full chorus, burst into peals of laughter. Each of us had somewhat dreaded just this encounter, and now it had come, nervousness combined with the absurdity of the unexpected compact, drove us to hilarity of almost undignified aspect. Recovering a little, I asked the wife what brought her back, and at such hour in the night. She bit her under lip in that curious way of hers, then exclaimed with dancing eyes: ‘Because I wanted to; did you ever know me to do so before?’

‘Did I ever ask you to, Hattie?’

‘No! and there’s the trouble; I never did anything I wanted to do, anyway.’

‘In other words, if I had demanded of you that you



do so and so, perhaps you would have come nearer to your freedom than by following the precepts of your remarkable family and education."

'Just so,' came back the answer.

'Very well; I am about to go down town: you shall go with me, whether you so desire or not.'

'But I do, Jack, and I have the automobile with me.'

'In your pocket?' said I, as I gazed into the empty street.

'No, goose! around the corner in front of papa's house.'

'Oh! you have been to see papa and mamma first, like a dutiful child.'

'I have not; I brought papa home in a state of utter defeat, as it were.'

'How so?'

'Oh! you know; he pinned his faith on Mr. Boko, the editor of the *New Era*—'

At this point Hattie's eyes wandered; she bit her under lip till the tears came, and seemed about to fly past me and escape to her room. So I stood firmly in her way and pressed her to be pointed and give me all she knew.



'Its like this,' she began, hesitatingly, 'you know — Mr. Boko — was — killed today in trying to get away from his offices, over a roof of an adjoining building. You know a mob gutted and fired the place, and he was in fear — fell through a skylight — and left, or rather they found a package of papers by him, that implicates himself and a number of others in a dreadful scandal — no — no — that's enough — I don't know what its all about.'

'Too bad, Hattie,' said I, 'he was a man of parts and really good company, if you took him the right way.'

'If you took him to jail, I suppose you mean, Jack.'

'Maybe, Hattie, but you never could quite catch a witticism. So don't try and put one where it doesn't belong.'

Of course this was inadvertent on my part, and careless ; for it almost precipitated us into a set and lengthy argument over who could see a joke first. However, we agreed forthwith to postpone the debate, and started for the machine. With Hattie as the driver, we were soon down town and in the midst of a crowd in a state of apathy — syncope — I might better say. The excitement was all over ; people had almost ceased to speak of the



mob violence of the afternoon and evening. We gazed silently, like the rest, at the gaunt, blackened ruin of the *New Era* building. I asked a man I knew why they had singled out this paper for assault?

'I don't know,' he answered, 'else it's because he's been playing to two parties. I have been told that the two men who were shot by the police and who appeared to be leaders in the attack, were old attaches of his, Boko's, paper. I suppose the whole business will be shown up a little later.'

We thanked the man and turned back homeward again. After a time I ventured the remark that this maybe ended my great adventure: that perhaps Boko had left a sign behind that I wasn't a thief, and not altogether a libertine and an insane person.

Hattie shivered here and told me briefly that her father had seen Boko at the hospital where he was taken, and was told with great difficulty on the part of the dying editor, that he had stolen the necklace himself and never meant me any harm. 'But,' she added, 'I fear that poor papa is so mixed up in this — other affair — that nobody will take his word.'

I had to take the machine in charge now, as Mrs. Jack



in her distress began to bump into every obstacle on the street and off the street. And in this fashion we arrived home once more. I helped her out, ran the machine into the garage and followed into the house.

'Tell me, Hattie, I asked again, 'do you really know anything about Boko and that curious night when we two were taken to jail. You were at the ball that night?'

'Nothing, Jack, absolutely nothing, excepting I played the fool and really was on the point of believing all about that story of something between you and Mrs. X——.'

'And now,' said I, 'if you don't mind I shall salute you as the cook saluted me on my return.' I performed the operation as vigorously as possible — tried to get a true verisimilitude to the cook's osculation — and hope success came.

'So,' said Hattie, 'and that's what Bet. does in my absence.'

'So,' I returned, 'and she cooked me a dinner fit for my queen, and ate it also, with the master.'

'Very well, sir, the next time you go to jail and return I shall be here to receive you ; for if there is one thing I object to, it's promiscuous kissing.'

'Yes, ma'am,' but it's all changed now.'

# Phukopolis

'How so?'

'No, Mrs. Jack — that's my secret — to death.'

"From us also," shouted the listeners.

"Yes, from you also; but this I will divulge: it's wonderful how good a naturally decent person — particularly a woman — becomes, if he or she drops the recipes of social conduct, and an education which doesn't fit, and yet remains virtuous.

"The necklace! well, that's another matter, so is Boko in heaven, and the Aeroplane Trust affair. I merely promised to tell you how I did not steal the pearls."





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